LAST LETTERS

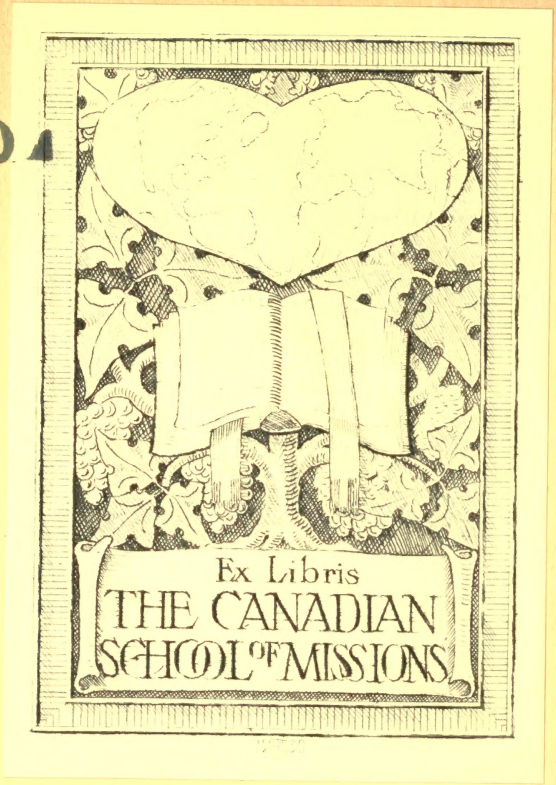
AND FURTHER RECORDS OF

MARTYRED MISSIONARIES

OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

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LAST LETTERS AND FURTHER RECORDS

OF

MARTYRED MISSIONARIES OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF MEMORIAL BRASS WHICH, BY THE PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTIONS OF FELLOW-WORKERS, IS BEING PLACED IN THE C.I.M. HEADQUARTERS AT SHANGHAI IN MEMORY OF ALL THE C.I.M. MARTYRS.

LAST LETTERS & FURTHER RECORDS OF MARTYRED MISSIONARIES

OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

WITH PORTRAITS
AND ILLUSTRATIONS



EDITED BY
MARSHALL BROOMHALL, B.A.

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In

Loving Memory of

THOSE MEMBERS OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

WHO

SUFFERED MARTYRDOM DURING THE SAD CRISIS OF 1900

AND IN

Grateful Recognition

OF GOD'S GREAT GOODNESS

TO THOSE WHO WERE MERCIFULLY DELIVERED

They said among themselves . . . "The latter end of the righteous he calleth happy; and he vaunteth that God is his father.

"Let us see if his words be true, and let us try what shall befall in the ending of his life.

"For if the righteous man is God's son, He will uphold him, and He will deliver him out of the hand of his adversaries.

"With outrage and torture let us put him to the test, that we may learn his gentleness and may prove his patience under wrong.

"Let us condemn him to a shameful death; for he shall be visited according to his words."

Thus reasoned they, and they were led astray; for their wickedness blinded them,

And they knew not the mysteries of God . . .

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them.

In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died; and their departure was accounted to be their hurt,

And their journeying away from us to be their ruin: But they are in peace.

For even if in the sight of men they be punished, their hope is full of immortality;

And having borne a little chastening, they shall receive great good; because God made trial of them, and found them worthy of Himself.

As gold in the furnace He proved them, and as a whole burnt offering He accepted them. THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

PREFACE

It was prophetically foretold of the Apostle and High Priest of our profession that "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it Him, even length of days for ever and ever"; and of countless numbers of His followers in every age it has been true that, the deliverance which they sought from cruel persecutions has been given them through death rather than from death. So it was with the martyred ones in China, native and foreign. Their prayers, and ours for them, were not unanswered, though they were answered in God's own way. And "as for God, His way is perfect." Our faith must rest here. Yet a little while and we shall see the fruits of their suffering, and learn the reason more fully when we see them shining with their Lord, whom they followed even unto death.

It was asked of one, "If the choice were given you to be translated before death or to pass through death to the Lord's presence, which would you choose?" And like many the reply was, "The Lord Himself passed through death, and I should like to follow the Lord both in death and resurrection." Another, to whom a similar question was put, replied, "If my Lord offered me my choice I would hand it back to Him and tell Him I would prefer what He chose for me." Some of our martyred friends chose like the latter, as letters already published show.

A few more letters have been recovered, which will be

very precious to personal friends and relatives; and it is hoped not to them alone. Much as we mourn their loss, and regret that poor needy China and the spared native Christians should lose their help, can we but rejoice in the Master's joy as He welcomed His faithful ones and gave them the promised crown of life? And can we begrudge them the glorious exchange of earthly service for heavenly triumph? Shall we not rather pray that those whose privilege it may be to press forward and close the broken ranks, may have grace given them to say to the same Master, who is still asking, "Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?" "Here am I, send me." And may we all have grace to say, "I have nothing too precious for my LORD," and pour our boxes of alabaster at His feet.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

GENEVA, *October* 1901.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

NEARLY twelve months have passed since the publication of the book called *Martyred Missionaries of the China Inland Mission.* During these months most of, if not all, the scenes of martyrdom have been visited by missionaries of the societies specially concerned, in order that all necessary facts should be investigated, memorial services held for those who had fallen, and a becoming interment arranged where that was possible; also that the condition of the native Church might be considered, and needful arrangements made for the Christians, both physically and spiritually, so far as circumstances permitted. All the more detailed information which has thus been obtained, supported by the evidence of documents which had fallen into the hands of the Allied troops, and all that the diplomatic proceedings at Pekin have revealed, have confirmed the previous conviction that, the Chinese Government was solely responsible for the Boxer rising of last year. While this fuller information has thrown much light upon the terrible crisis, it has not contradicted what was written, both in the preface and body of the former volume mentioned above, with the exception, we believe, of one statement. We stated that the massacres in the province of Cheh-kiang were not connected with the Boxer movement, but appeared to be caused by a local rising. This opinion was apparently confirmed by the letter which Mr. Thompson wrote the day

before his death; but it is now proved beyond question that those massacres were directly the result of the proclamation received from Pekin to murder all foreigners. Though, in consequence of a threat from the Viceroy Liu-kuen-yi, the Governor of Cheh-kiang sought to recall the proclamation after he had made it public; he was unsuccessful, the mischief was afloat and beyond his control.

Among those things which have been brought to light since the quelling of the outbreak, nothing is perhaps of greater value to the Christian Church than some of the last letters, written by those who were face to face with certain death. Hiding away among the caves and dens of the mountains, in moments of imminent peril, not a few succeeded in writing and secreting a last message to their loved ones at home. These letters with their testimonies to the realities of God's grace, and breathing a spirit of unflinching loyalty to God Himself, are a priceless heritage to the whole Christian Church. The dying words of the Church's early martyrs, and of some who are enrolled among England's most honoured saints, have been handed down for centuries as an inspiration and blessing to succeeding generations; and among the last messages of some who died last year in China, are words which should live in the hearts and minds of all. One writes: "We rejoice that we are made partakers of the sufferings of Christ, that when His glory shall be revealed, we may rejoice also with exceeding joy"; and another: "Many will say, 'Why did she go?—wasted life.' Darling, *No.* Trust —God does His very best and never makes mistakes."

It is the conviction that such messages as these should go far and wide, that has led to the publication of this book. Being dead, may they yet speak, and may these their last testimonies be used of God, to provoke us all to faith and good works for the glory of the Lord and the good of that

land for which they died. It had been hoped that even more letters might have been recovered. It is known that a bundle of last letters, written by the missionaries in T'ai-yüan-fu, was handed to a native, who deposited them in a native bank where the foreigners had done business. When the Governor demanded that the missionaries' monies should be given up, these letters were handed over at the same time, and were, we believe, burned. One or two other letters of great value, we have not the liberty to publish.

These twelve months have also sadly confirmed the rumours of the massacre of the six Ta-t'ung missionaries and their children; and since no memorials of these friends were given in *Martyred Missionaries of the C.I.M.*, they are now included in the present book, as the companion and supplementary volume.

With regard to some for whom the worst was feared, time has brought better tidings. Dr. J. W. Hewett, after one month of hiding among the hills and two more months of confinement in a Chinese prison, was safely escorted to the coast. Mr. G. McKie, Miss Chapman (now Mrs. McKie), and Miss Way, after nearly four months of peril and suffering among the mountains, were mercifully delivered. The painful experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Ogren, the death of the former and escape of the latter, are among the most distressing stories of the whole crisis. These accounts have not yet been previously published in England, and are condensed from what they wrote in Shanghai. There is no desire to dwell upon the harrowing sides of these stories, but they so wonderfully reveal the grace of God, realised under most extraordinary conditions, that it would not be right to withhold these accounts from the Christian public.

Following these records, something is briefly said on the

subject of the memorial services held, the official apology for the wrongdoing of last year, and the reconstruction and reorganisation of the native churches.

The frontispiece of this volume is a reduced facsimile of a Monumental Brass, which, by the private subscription of the martyrs' fellow-workers, is being placed in the China Inland Mission Headquarters at Shanghai.

Carefully revised lists of the names of all the Protestant missionaries who were killed during the Boxer outbreak are given, and in the case of the C.I.M. list, the dates are now added. For these lists we are indebted to the Rev. J. W. Stevenson of Shanghai. In addition many sadly interesting illustrations, which will be of historic value, from photographs of the funerals, local memorial services and martyrs' graves, are included, which with the frontispiece and lists of martyrs make a memorial in some measure complete in itself. It is, however, specially printed and bound as a supplement and companion to the former volume.

With regard to the missionary outlook in China, we would add a few words. There is much cause for thankfulness that the peace protocol has been signed, and that the missionaries have been enabled to return to practically every district whence they were driven. Letters received from many of those who have already gone back, speak of a friendly reception from the people as well as from the officials. While deeply grateful for this fact, there are, it need hardly be said, other aspects of the case which call for earnest prayer. The heavy indemnity demanded by the Allies will press upon the Chinese nation for the next thirty-nine years. The Northerners, who have suffered so severely from famine and war, assert that they are too impoverished already to meet these heavy demands. The Southerners, who remained loyal to the foreigners' interest, protest in the name of justice against bearing the burden of other peoples'

sins. Unfortunately the guilty Government cannot bear the burden alone; and so special taxes, which will outlast the lifetime of one generation, will be made to meet the indemnity insisted on by the Allied Powers, which demands are not calculated, to say the least, to produce peace and good-will.

Would that the causes of friction were limited to the above, but the imperious attitude of the Roman Catholics in making local settlements, is such as to give grave cause for anxiety. The correspondent of the *North China Herald* writes:—

> The local officials express themselves as greatly gratified at the easy manner in which the claims of the Protestant Christians have been settled. The Roman Catholics lost much more heavily numerically, and their claims are not so easy to settle. As their cathedral was destroyed, they demanded that one of the public buildings should be given them—either the Governor's Yamên (at the outer gate of which the massacres took place) or a large college called the Ling-ten-t'ang [the provincial college]. The Governor said he was unable to give away public property, and eventually they presented what was practically an ultimatum, saying that at four o'clock on a certain day, they would go and occupy the college, and if they were opposed and there was trouble, they would hold the local officials responsible.[1] Not wishing for a scene or further complications, the authorities induced the resident staff and students to leave before the arrival of the priests, who, at the time appointed, appeared with many of their converts and took up their abode in the college.

It will be cause for wonder if such conduct does not produce bitter resentment and become a factor of future difficulty. It is essential to the future of Missions in China

[1] According to the peace protocol the local officials are to be held responsible for any trouble with foreigners.

that no conduct should be allowed which builds up an *Imperium in Imperio.* Referring to indemnity the Pekin correspondent of the *Times* says:—

> The reasonable and honourable manner in which the London and other Protestant Missions have arranged the local indemnities has given much satisfaction to the Chinese. The Chinese contrast their moderation with the heavy claims advanced by the Roman Catholic missionaries. They contrast also the expulsion of the religious orders from France—which is due, they read, to their intolerable interference in secular affairs—with the blind support given by the French Legation in China to the demands of the Roman Catholics, however unreasonable.

Mr. D. E. Hoste, Acting General Director of the C.I.M., during his recent visit to Shan-si, after having made and presented to the officials estimates of Mission losses, refused on behalf of the Mission any compensation. The same course has been adopted by the C.I.M. in Ho-nan, where the loss of property was considerable, and also by the Sheo-yang Mission. In the case of the late Mission in T'ai-yüan-fu, a stone is to be built into the outer wall of the new premises, with a Chinese inscription engraved stating that, though full compensation could be justly claimed, this is not being done, that the teaching of Jesus Christ may be exemplified, and that it may be plain to all that the missionary abandons personal rights for the people's good. Beneath this inscription the Governor's signature and seal will be engraved.

We hear that in consequence of the C.I.M. and Sheo-yang Mission giving up their claim to indemnity, the Governor has added an additional sum of Tls. 10,000 to his previous voluntary gift of Tls. 40,000 (£6000) for the relief and compensation of the native Christians.

For the reoccupation of the many empty stations many

new workers will be needed. In the case of the Swedish Holiness Union, affiliated with the C.I.M., the whole Mission was blotted out except one man at home on furlough. Already some volunteers have stepped forward, and Mr. A. Carlson, the afore-mentioned survivor, hopes in January of 1902, in company with three men now in training, to start for China to reoccupy the old stations. The members of the Sheo-yang Mission, with the exception of Dr. and Mrs. Edwards, who were at home on furlough, were killed to a man, and so with the B.M.S. in Shan-si. Of the latter Mission two former members who had retired from the field have felt the present need to be a special call, and have already returned to Shan-si. In the C.I.M. the stations are being reoccupied so far as it is possible to draft workers from other districts, but many more workers are needed. The following letter, written in May 1896 by Mr. T. W. Pigott, B.A., one of the martyred missionaries, should lead us all to a careful consideration of our duty in the light of Eternity :—

> I look back on 1879 when I first reached China, and am filled with thanksgiving and joy at the change God has wrought, and the more than hundred-fold He has given for the labour and treasure expended in this province (Shan-si). When I first reached this province there was not one baptized Christian here, and only two recently opened stations. Now there are many hundreds of converts, many of them earnest, faithful men, and a large number of stations where thousands are brought under Christian influence. How shall we look on the investment of our lives and labour here, even from the near standpoint of one hundred years hence? I am, I can truly say, more grateful every day for the opportunity of serving Christ, and I believe this to be the only true and sober view of life's realities. The work pressed home now, will make all the difference a few years hence.

> With Armenia before us we dare not count too much on future years. How suddenly the work was arrested there and the door shut against much hoped-for labour.

Will the writer of the above letter ever regret that he pressed home the work while opportunity permitted? Will he ever regret the investment of his life and labour? Surely never. And now that the door is once more opened,—and for how long, who knows!—shall not the work be pressed home? Let us each and all ask ourselves, "How shall we look on the investment of our lives and labour—one hundred years hence?"

M. B.

China Inland Mission,
December 1901.

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MARTYRED MISSIONARIES OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

Associates

	Date of Decease.		Date of Decease.
N. Carleson Miss J. Engvall Miss M. Hedlund Miss A. Johansson G. E. Karlberg	June 28, 1900	O. A. L. Larsson Miss J. Lundell S. A. Persson. Mrs. Persson E. Pettersson	June 28, 1900

Members

Emily E. B. Whitchurch	June 30, 1900	Emma Ann Thirgood	July 22, 1900
Edith E. Searell	Do.	G. Frederick Ward	Do.
William Cooper	July 1, 1900	Etta Ward	Do.
Benjamin Bagnall	Do.	Edith Sherwood	July 24, 1900
Emily Bagnall	Do.	Etta Manchester	Do.
William Millar Wilson, M.B., C.M.	July 9, 1900	David Barratt	(?)
		Alfred Woodroffe	(?)
Christine Wilson	Do.	Margaret Cooper (Mrs. E. J.)	Aug. 6, 1900
Jane Stevens	Do.	Mary E. Huston	Aug. 11, 1900
Mildred Clarke	Do.	Francis Edith Nathan	Aug. 13, 1900
Stewart McKee	July 12, 1900	May Rose Nathan	Do.
Kate McKee	Do.	Eliza Mary Heaysman	Do.
Charles S. I'Anson	Do.	Anton P. Lundgren	Aug. 15, 1900
Florence I'Anson	Do.	Elsa Lundgren	Do.
Maria Aspden	Do.	Annie Eldred	Do.
Margaret E. Smith	Do.	William Graham Peat	Aug. 30, 1900
Hattie Rice	July 13, 1900	Helen Peat	Do.
George McConnell	July 16, 1900	Edith Dobson	Do.
Isabella McConnell	Do.	Emma Georgiana Hurn	Do.
Annie King	Do.	Duncan Kay	Sept. 15, 1900
Elizabeth Burton	Do.	Caroline Kay	Do.
John Young	Do.	P. A. Ogren	Oct. 15, 1900
Alice Young	Do.	Flora Constance Glover	Oct. 25, 1900
David Baird Thompson	July 21, 1900		
Agnes Thompson	Do.		
Josephine Desmond	Do.		

Children

	Date of Decease.		Date of Decease.
Gladys Bagnall .	July 1, 1900	Herbert Ward .	July 22, 1900
Alexander Wilson	July 9, 1900	Isabel Saunders .	July 27, 1900
Baby McKee . .	July 12, 1900	Jessie Saunders .	Aug. 3, 1900
Dora I'Anson .	Do.	Mary Lutley. .	Do.
Arthur I'Anson .	Do.	Brainerd Cooper .	Aug. 17, 1900
Eva I'Anson . .	Do.	Edith Lutley .	Aug. 20, 1900
Alice McKee . .	July 13, 1900	Faith Glover .	Aug. 28, 1900
Kenneth McConnell . . .	July 16, 1900	Margretta Peat .	Aug. 30, 1900
		Mary Peat . .	Do.
Edwin Thompson .	July 21, 1900	Jenny Kay . .	Sept. 15, 1900
Sidney Thompson .	Do.	Vera Green . .	Oct. 10, 1900

Associates	*Members*	*Children*	*Total*
10	48	21	79

MARTYRED MISSIONARIES
OF OTHER PROTESTANT MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

Society for Propagation of the Gospel

Rev. S. M. Brooks
Rev. H. V. Norman
Rev. C. Robinson

English Baptist Missionary Society

Rev. S. W. Ennals
Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Dixon
Rev. and Mrs. F. S. Whitehouse
Rev. and Mrs. G. B. Farthing
with three Children
Miss B. C. Renaut
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. M'Currach
Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Underwood
Miss Stewart

The Sheo Yang Mission

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Pigott
and Son, Wellesley
Mr. and Mrs. Stokes
Mr. John Robinson
Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Lovitt
and one Child
Mr. and Mrs. Simpson
Miss Duval
Miss Coombs

Unconnected

Mr. A. Hoddle

The British and Foreign Bible Society

Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Beynon, with three Children

The Swedish Mongolian Mission

Mr. and Mrs. Helleberg
and one Child

Mr. Wahlstedt

The Christian and Missionary Alliance

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Olssen
and three Children
Mr. and Mrs. W. Noren
and two Children
Mr. and Mrs. O. Bingmark
and two Children
Mr. and Mrs. C. Blomberg
and one Child
Miss E. Erickson
Mr. and Mrs. O. Forsberg
and one Child
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Lundberg
and two Children
Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson
and three Children
Mr. and Mrs. M. Nyström
and one Child
Miss A. Gustafson
Miss C. Hall
Mr. A. E. Palm
Miss K. Örn (*unconnected*)

The Scandinavian Alliance Mongolian Mission

Mr. D. Sternberg
Miss H. Lund

Mr. C. Suber
Miss Clara Anderson
Miss Hilda Anderson

American Board Mission

Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Atwater
and four Children
Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Price
and one Child
Miss Bird
Miss Partridge
Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Clapp
Rev. F. W. Davis
Rev. H. T. Pitkin
Rev. G. L. Williams
Miss A. A. Gould
Miss M. S. Morrill

American Presbyterian Mission

Rev. and Mrs. F. E. S. Simcox
and three Children

Dr. and Mrs. C. V. R. Hodge
Dr. G. Y. Taylor

ANALYSIS AND SUMMARY

	Adults.	Children.	Total.
SOCIETY.			
China Inland Mission	58	21	79
Christian and Missionary Alliance	21	15	36
American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions	13	5	18
English Baptist Mission	13	3	16
Sheo Yang Mission	11	2	13
American Presbyterian Mission (North)	5	3	8
Scandinavian Alliance Mongolian Mission	5	...	5
Swedish Mongolian Mission	3	1	4
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	3	...	3
British and Foreign Bible Society	2	3	5
Independent (Mr. Hoddle)	1	...	1
	135	53	188
PROVINCE.			
Shan-si and over the Mongolian Border	113	46	159
Chih-li	13	4	17
Cheh-kiang	8	3	11
Shan-tung	1	...	1
	135	53	188
NATIONALITY.			
British	71	29	100
Swedish	40	16	56
United States of America	24	8	32
	135	53	188

THE MARTYRS' LAST LETTERS

"Only pray for strength to be given to me from within and from without, that I may not only speak, but also may be willing, and that I may not merely be called a Christian, but also may be found to be one." IGNATIUS.

"Eighty-and-six years have I served Him and He never did me any wrong; how then can I blaspheme my King, my Saviour."
POLYCARP.

"My Lord Jesus Christ was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake; why then should I be ashamed of this rusty one?"
JOHN HUSS.

"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." LATIMER.

"The pain will soon be over, and oh the sweetness of the welcome above! I cannot imagine the Saviour's welcome. Oh, that will compensate for all these days of suspense!" LIZZIE ATWATER.

"We rejoice that we are made partakers of the sufferings of Christ, that when His glory shall be revealed, we may rejoice also with exceeding joy." W. G. PEAT.

"Many will say, 'Why did she go?—wasted life.' Darling, *No.* Trust—God does His very best and never makes mistakes."
MAY NATHAN.

THE MARTYRS' LAST LETTERS

For long it has been known, that those who suffered martyrdom in Shan-si, had in many cases either buried or handed to the care of trustworthy natives, letters which contained their last messages to the loved ones at home. Some of these were brought to the coast by native Christians, while, more recently, others have been handed to the first party of missionaries which revisited the province.

Last messages, or the words of a dying man, are always fondly treasured by all his friends. In the case of these letters, however, their value is not limited to those who personally knew the writers, but are of priceless worth to the whole Church of God. They bring home to us the awful realities of the recent crisis in China, when men and women in the full bloom of youth and vigour were brought face to face with death by the hands of an implacable foe. They bear eloquent testimony to the faithfulness of many of the native Christians, and testify to the power of the grace of God, under circumstances more painful than can be easily imagined. They witness, in an unparalleled way, to the power of unseen and eternal truths in the midst of a materialistic age, and cannot be read by any true Christian, without calling forth praise to God for the gift to this lost world of such noble and consecrated lives.

On July 4 a little group of six persons (five missionaries and one child) could have been seen secretly stealing out of the city of Küh-wu to seek a hiding-place in the mountains. For safety's sake they were divided into two companies of

three; Mr. G. McKie, Miss Chapman,[1] and Miss Way composing the first, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay and child the second. By the mysterious providence of God the first party were mercifully delivered after long and painful experiences, an account of which will be found on p. 84; but the second party were cruelly put to death on September 15, after two and a half months of successful, but weary hiding in the mountains.

Mrs. Duncan Kay's Last Letters

To Mr. Wm. Cooper

We are trying to get back to the city, and if we manage to get there, we shall then see what the officials are to do with us, but our fear is on the way back. We have had to bribe with money, or no one would take us in. The people here were so poor, that they were glad to take us if we fed them, and after the affair was over we were to give them some money. We fear many of our friends are in the same plight as ourselves. Some now have gone to glory. May God comfort all your hearts over this terrible affair. I feel so for my wee bairns to be left like this.

Please reward this boy if he gets to you. He has been faithful to the last, and has had no money from us for two months. He has never said anything, but has been like a true child of God. May God bless you all, and if we should never meet again here on earth, we shall by and by. With love to all,

C. Kay.

Ta Hoh-san,
Near the end of July.

My dearest Children—We came up here to get away from the Boxers, thinking it was out of the way, and we might be able to stay over this time of difficulty and go back in two months. But we are molested every day by bands of bad men who want money from us. Now our money is all gone we feel there is nothing for us but to try and get back to the city; this is no easy matter, and the roads are full of these bad people who seek our lives.

I am writing this as it may be my last to you. Who knows but we may be with Jesus very soon. This is only a wee note

[1] Miss Chapman has since been married to Mr. McKie.

to send our dear love to you all, and to ask you not to feel too sad when you know we have been killed. We have committed you all into God's hands. He will make a way for you all. Try and be good children. Love God. Give your hearts to *Jesus.* This is your dear parents' last request.—Your loving papa, mamma, and wee Jenny, C. KAY.

Away among the hills in the west of Shan-si lies the city of Sih-cheo. In this city Mr. and Mrs. Peat and two children, also Miss G. Hurn and Miss Edith Dobson, were stationed. On July 21 these friends were obliged to flee and hide in the caves among the mountains. Driven at last by hunger, they were obliged to come forth, when they were found by the Boxers and dragged before the magistrate. Regarded as the off-scouring of the earth they were refused protection, and were sent from city to city. The officials in some cases endeavoured to befriend them and send them to Han-kow, but after weeks of weary wandering and imprisonment, they were attacked by two Boxers fifteen miles south of the city of Küh-wu. The supposed guard fled before these two men, and all the party were put to death on August 30.

MR. G. PEAT'S LAST LETTERS

"CHIN CHIEH" HILLS, North of Ta-ning Hsien,
July 25, 1900.

MY DEAR MAMMA—After a long time of anxious suspense, not knowing what a day might bring forth, we were at last obliged (four days ago) to flee to these mountains, where we are in hiding in "caves of the earth." We escaped none too soon, for the day after we left 300 Boxers arrived at Sih-cheo and burnt down our dear home, very angry indeed that we had escaped their clutches. To-day they have gone on to Ta-ning, and I expect that ere this is written they will have also set that place on fire. The three ladies there had, some time ago, escaped to their villages, and I expect ere now they too have fled to the mountains. But our position is still very precarious, as it is said that they will search the hills for us in order to kill us. We have just heard of the murder of the Youngs, McConnells and child, Misses Burton and King, and native

servant. Also, some time ago, of the murder of Misses Whitchurch and Searell at Hsiao-i, and later, of the murder of fourteen of our brethren and sisters who had fled to Ping-yang-fu city. We were told to-day that we ourselves and the three Ta-ning ladies are the only foreigners still alive in the Province.

The question arises in our minds, Are we to be saved—a remnant for the glory of God in the Province—or are we to be taken to join our glorified brothers and sisters who have gone on before? Which to choose we have difficulty in deciding. When we think of our own benefit we would like to go to be with Christ, which is very far better; but when we think of the need of workers in China and the weak native Church, we would fain be spared for longer service among our dearly loved people. But it is good that the decision is out of our hands, and in the will of our loving Father in Heaven who doeth all things well. Yet, one does hope and believe that God is going to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies.

We feel our present refuge (an earthen cave) is not secure enough, being too open, so we intend moving to-day farther into the hills and live amongst the dense vegetation that covers the mountain torrent bed so completely. It is very hard for the children, poor things. Mosquitoes abound, and their faces are so badly bitten that they look as though they had smallpox. We, with our two sisters and two native servants, have been living here for three days, all in one cave. We send out at night to a village ten miles away, where there is a Christian family, who keep us supplied with food, etc. Should our whereabouts not be discovered we shall be all right; but if discovered we shall be all killed, for the order of the Provincial Governor has gone forth to kill all the foreigners. Our magistrate is very angry that we have escaped from the city without his knowing about it. If only the war were at an end we might we able to come out of hiding, but not till then. And even then it will be very risky to expose ourselves too soon. It will be soon six weeks since we had any news from the outside world. We know not what country or countries are fighting with China. Our fourth, fifth, and sixth months' remittances of silver got no further than Tien-tsin when the roads were blocked. We can't even correspond with T'ai-yüan-fu and other cities on the plain. The Reports in the Yamêns all tell of victory for the Chinese and defeat of the foreigners, just as in the Japanese war. Of course it's all for good to all who love the Lord, and what a glorious fruitage there will be in the future Church in China!

Our poor native brethren are suffering with us, and many have been driven from their homes and are hiding in the hills. We don't know if this state of things is general all over China, or if it is confined to Shan-si, at present governed by the wicked Governor Yü-hsien. The suspense is very difficult to bear, and yet the Lord is very good, and His Word is very comforting and suited to our times of need.

Now I must close this brief note, as we must prepare to move.

In event of our being discovered I will have this buried where it can be found by the natives and sent to you.

With warmest love "till He come."—Your own loving son,

WILLIE.

IN THE HILLS, *July* 27, 1900.

MY DEAR MAMMA, UNCLE SANDEMAN, AND ALL DEAR FRIENDS—The soldiers are just on us, and I have only time to say "Good-bye" to you all. We shall soon be with Christ, which is very far better for us. We can only now be sorry for you who are left behind and our dear native Christians.

Good-bye! At longest it is only "till He come." We rejoice that we are made partakers of the sufferings of Christ, that when His glory shall be revealed we may "rejoice also with exceeding joy."

With our warmest, dearest love.—Your loving son and nephew, etc., W. G. PEAT.

MRS. PEAT'S LAST LETTER

MY DEAR LOVED ONES—At the last moment I say Good-bye! Our Father is with us and we go to Him, and trust to see you all before His face, to be for ever together with Him.

With love to you all from us all. I have given my watch to a native to give to the first foreigner who will send it to Tina my sister.

Again with love.—Your loving daughter, sister, and friend,

HELEN PEAT.

MISS E. G. HURN'S LAST LETTER

IN A CAVE AMONGST THE HILLS,
July 25, 1900.

DEAREST BROTHERS AND SISTERS—You will know what a critical state China is in, and has been for some time since. We

have heard that all the other missionaries in this part of the Province have left their stations and gone into places of hiding; others, in making for another Province, have been captured on the way and killed. We do not know how many of our fellow-workers have been taken to be with the Lord. At last it came to our time to leave our homes and make for a village, where we stayed one night, going on the next day to another place, which we left early the next morning on hearing that there were men who were looking for the foreigners to slay them. We left Sih-cheo on Saturday, July 21; our flight was sudden, because we heard there were to be theatricals in the city the next day. On the following day, Sunday, over 300 of the Boxers came from other places. The Mandarin commanded them to burn Mr. Peat's house. This was done, because the landlord would not give the things in the house over into his hands, which meant that he would take what he liked as his own booty. We do not at present know what has been left; the man who was left in charge escaped, and was hid in the landlord's house. When the messenger came away (whom the landlord had sent to tell us this news) the house was still burning. We do not know what has become of our place; we think our landlord (who is not the same as Mr. Peat's) will have put all things into the Mandarin's hands, our things will not have been saved, but the house will not have been interfered with in any way. I have written you a long account of what has gone on formerly, but do not know whether I shall be able to send it off to you; if not, you will have heard a good deal of what has taken place from the papers. Now, to return to our present circumstances,—we are escaping for our life. The present cave we have slept in two nights. It is a place which was inhabited in the time of the famine over twenty years ago. We have gone on to another place this morning; last night we slept in the open air under the rocks. The place we have come to to-day is a very secluded spot, where we hope to remain till all is over. If the Boxers come to the hills in search of us, they may find us, but we are in the Lord's hands to do with us as He seemeth best. We have done what we can in trying to hide away, and now we wait, hoping that this time of tribulation may soon pass away. The last few days we feel we have been like Abram, who went out not knowing whither he went; also like pilgrims and strangers, with no certain place of abode. I cannot tell you how I feel these days, it seems as if one were in a dream out of which one almost dreads to come, because of what has happened during this time since we have been shut off from communication with others. Dear Mr. and

Mrs. Peat are very kind and good to us, it is nice that we are with them. It is trying for the children to be shut up so and only able to speak in a whisper. We know that after this time of trial China will be a very different land. Truly the foundation of the Church has been laid by blood; we know not at present how many lives have been laid down, either of foreigners or natives; what these rulers and governors will have to answer for, one cannot say. One can only say, God ruleth over all, and He must have some wise purpose in allowing all this to come to pass. One feels for some things, that it would be nicer to be taken and be with so many who have laid down their lives; but for the dear ones who may read this, and for the sake of the many heathen who are still without Christ, one would like to stay for further service. The Lord is keeping one's heart in perfect peace during this time of trial.

We have heard that the people are coming, so we are going home to our Heavenly Home. There I shall see you. Do all repent and meet me there!

I have no time for more. The Will of the Lord be done.—
Your loving sister, GEORGIE.

Nestling among the hills near the western borders of Shan-si, about thirty miles from Sih-cheo, is the little city of Ta-ning (Great Peace). The majority of the people are simple-hearted folk, and although other parts of the Province were ablaze with the Boxer craze, peace continued here. Writing long after trouble had broken out elsewhere, Miss Edith Nathan said, "I believe we shall be quite safe here as regards the Ta-ning people, but if outsiders come the case may be altered." The outsiders did come, and the somewhat long letters from the two Nathan sisters, Pastor Chang's letter which follows, and the painful story as told by Mrs. Ogren on p. 65 show how the Boxer fury wrought upon an otherwise peaceful neighbourhood. On July 12 the three ladies—Miss Edith Nathan, Miss May Nathan, and Miss Mary Heaysman—had to flee. After long and anxious hiding they were at last caught, and on August 13 they were put to death. The following letters speak for themselves:—

From Miss Edith Nathan's Last Letter

July 12.—This morning the Pastor [native] arrived and advised that we should go to the villages. . . . Truly our hearts were sad to think of having to leave Ta-ning and not know when we should return. . . . We started off at about 7.30 for Muh-ien, with hearts very sad; one hardly knows when we shall go back again—I hope very soon. My heart bleeds for the Christians, and I feel they will indeed have to suffer much. It makes one very sad to think of what it may mean, but we do ask that they may not fall away and deny the truth, and yet one would not be surprised if they did, the test of that or being killed is very great, and they may recant; one does hope not. We arrived here soon after one o'clock. All the Christians seemed glad to see us, but were very distressed about the thought of persecution, and the death of the Hsiao-i ladies [Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell]. May God keep them all from evil. One knows that "All things work together for good to those who love Christ," and this war with China must, in the end, prove a blessing. It may put the Government on a different footing. . . .

One knows not what may come, and our hearts are sick and sad; but we know "Our God is able to deliver," and He has given us promises from His Word, "I will save thee." Here all is peace, but all know of troubles, and any day we may have to go farther away. In the evening we had letters from Ping-yang-fu. . . . Truly these "Child Boxers" are devilish, and a device of the devil. We in England know little of what the power of Satan can do over the mind of a child. God deliver us from a like fate.

The Mandarin has ordered our teachers to leave the Church; the rumours are terrible all round. After we had left the city, two teachers came and warned us to flee for a time, until these children's [Boxers] affairs are over. I fear our Mandarin is unconcerned. "Truly our help," if it is to come, "cometh from the Lord our God." Deacon Li is in charge at the city, I do trust no harm may come to him. Our Christians are so good, and do their best for us, but "what are we against this great multitude?" The Psalms are a comfort at this time, the cvii., xxxiv., xci. —in fact, all are just full of promises, and our God cannot fail.

We hear eighteen warships have arrived, but are stuck off Fuh-kien; this may not be true. Poor China! Many of the Christians in our districts are putting up their idols, and we hear of two women binding up their feet to avoid detection, this is that they may escape, for these two would never deny their Lord.

Sunday, July 15.—In spite of our hearts being troubled, and not knowing what to do, this has been a happy day. All our nearer Christians have come from their homes to see us and sympathise with us in our difficulties, women even coming; and it is good to see how some are truly willing to suffer for the Lord, if it comes to that, rather than deny Him. Yes! the Lord has given us His own joy and peace at this time. All are so willing for us to come to their homes should we be hardly pressed, not realising nor minding that our presence might endanger them. One's heart has been cheered and comforted by their presence and tokens of love. One brought a fowl, and another some wheat.

Our dear old Pastor came. It is so good to have him. His face is full of light and brightness, not born of earth, but from constant looking into His Master's face. He told us that in answer to the question, "Would he protect us?" which we had asked the Mandarin, he had replied, "I won't undertake the responsibility. If they like to leave they can leave; if they stay they stay. It is not my affair; I will not injure them." I happened to say to the Pastor, "We are pitiable!" He said, "There is One to care for you better than all earthly magistrates." I felt condemned, for our God is our Heavenly Father, and lives and cares for us. He will save. We think and wonder in what way our deliverance will come; every way seems blocked.

We have faithful men with us. Ho says he will never leave us while he can be of help. The Peats are even in a worse position than we are; they are more in number, and things are in a worse state at Sih-cheo. They have invited us up there, but they are expecting to flee any day. The Governor of the Province (Yü-hsien) hates us foreigners, and has issued a proclamation to the effect that we are all to be exterminated. He does not want one of us. This is the reason that none of the magistrates are able to protect us. I can write thus, for when you get this letter we shall have been delivered, or we shall have gone to see the King in His beauty.

We have often read of people being captives, and of such things, but it is very different to being in the position oneself and not knowing what a day may bring forth. Shall we Shan-si workers ever meet together again? Not in unbroken number, certainly: two have earned a martyr's crown, and perhaps even more of whom we have not heard—one, at least, in T'ai-yüan-fu.

Monday, July 16, 1900.—After breakfast and prayers the old Pastor came and said that they had had word that there were

500 soldiers in the city, so we had better go farther, in case they came. We thought this was a false alarm, as a man had said the night before he had heard of this, but had gone to the city and found it not true. Nevertheless, we went off to Tong-men. Ere we arrived, it began to rain, and continued most of the day. We went to "Kuan's." He was very kind. In the afternoon, we went to sleep in the straw shed. It was a nice place, and a soft bed. Just before dark it left off raining, and we came back again; and very glad we were, too, for our beds. We found that Keng-iu had gone—he was frightened, so went home. Of course this time is trying: we know not what a day may bring forth, and it is a strange sensation to be running or hiding away from people who want to kill or injure you. One does not know how it will all end, and how relief will come, and when. We think and imagine this and that—whether we must wait until the war is over, or whether something may be done to release us missionaries; but we do know that the Lord will undertake. I remember, the day before I left England for China, at the Communion Service at 2 Pyrland Road, a remark of Mr. Cassels [now Bishop] in his address: "The Lord's time is never too late." We think, Why not now deliver us? but we know He will deliver. We feel we can pray that the allied armies may overcome, for this is a righteous war and for a right cause. A word yesterday was a help: "For the Lord your God, He it is that fighteth for you, as He hath promised you."

Wednesday, June 17.—This morning we were doing some needlework outside in the courtyard, when from above we heard voices, and then Deacon Li's voice saying "Peace Teacher." We were so delighted to see dear old Li, and he us. He told us the news was good, and we quickly opened Mr. Peat's letter and read it. He said how until yesterday he had expected to fly, but an official despatch had just arrived at the Yamên saying we were to be protected. It is not a very favourable document, but vastly different to the former one, which was to "exterminate all foreigners."

We have had quite a number of visitors—Pastor Ch'ü has come, and Deacon Hsü. Could you but see our Christians, and their love to us, you would think as we do (or I do): it is quite worth while coming to such a pass, to find out how much they love us. Last night some of the men almost cried, because they wondered what they would do if we all went south.

How we long for news from the homeland, and wonder when we shall get letters! We know how sad all your hearts will be for us as you hear news of the war, and, perhaps, of our difficulties.

But the Lord is working; we feel sure He is indeed fighting for us. "He will save"; He will deliver us from every evil, and may He comfort your hearts in the homeland.

The Christians are all bringing us presents. To-day we have had three fowls, heaps of eggs, and some sugar-candy; on Sunday some wheat, a fowl, and eggs. Truly our people are good to us. It does gladden our hearts when we see their love. Our labour is not in vain, and those whom I have especially helped are now giving it back tenfold.

Friday, July 20.—We have heard that the P'ing-yang-fu people started for the coast on July 13. Now we can get no news from them for perhaps months. They have left silver for us, so yesterday I sent off two strong and daring young men to fetch some. Theirs will not be an easy task, but we believe the Lord will deliver them from all evil men, and bring them back to us in safety. In all fifty or more of our Shan-si missionaries have now left for Han-kow, and we who remain are, indeed, but a weak little company. If staying is possible, I have no desire to go south, for one never knows when we may return, and half my heart would be left behind with our dear natives.

It is wonderful the peace which the Lord is giving us, for though we know not what a day may bring forth, we are restful and do not feel a bit afraid. The Lord's promises are so reassuring: "I will help you"; "I will save you"; "I will never leave you"; "Will never forsake you." Some letters we tried to send to Han-kow have all come back. No messenger will take letters. Every one who has the least appearance of a messenger is stopped and searched. In sending letters about, they are hidden in the linings of the men's clothes.

We often think of you all at home, and trust you are not over anxious. We do feel you are indeed being severely tried, and know when the news of the death of Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell gets to England, and also when you hear of the arrivals of so many at the coast, and our names not among the number, you will feel very anxious. We long for letters and news of the outside world. All we hear is from the Yamên, and half of it we cannot believe; they tell so many lies to forward their own ends.

Saturday, July 21.—After I had written the above, Pastor Ch'ü arrived and stayed the night. He went off early this morning. He also went to a village 5 li off to comfort the Christians' hearts. As yet we do not know what sort of a proclamation the official has posted up in the city. To-day it is very hot indeed. Nothing has occurred one way or another, but I feel to write daily

will please you all, if you are not too tired to read such sheets. This morning I prepared a service for to-morrow. My text, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve"; and what serving Jesus may mean to the Christians in the future.

From Miss May Nathan's Last Letter

We always knew the protection we had from the Government was *forced*, not of free-will, nor an honest desire to treat her "Keh-ren" (guests) with fairness and proverbial hospitality. But now the clouds have gathered, the night of storm has come, and who knows who will see the *dawning* of the *morn* of the speedily hastening *New China?* . . .

The day before yesterday we heard the Boxers had arrived at a place 90 li from Sih-cheo, so we sent a man up to the latter place to gain particulars. The following day Mr. Ho, our teacher, saw a poster on the street referring to *Nien-shu-tih hai-tsi*, or schoolboys. He read it, recognised in its ambiguity its importance, so copied it down and came back to the Station and read it to us and the Pastor. It was an incitement to form in Ta-ning the *Wa-wa sie-fah-si*, "Children's Witchcraft Band," to hurt us. It is a difficult matter to explain this *I-ho-tuan* (Boxer Movement), utterly incomprehensible except on the spot. It seems that children from 11 to 15, boys, are worked up to a frenzy of evil by men skilled in such works of old, called wizards. These men are the agents, and their pupils media for carrying out their masters' devices. The initiation consists of learning several signs from their masters,—each finger has a special meaning. They are, when ready for work, just maddened. When they fall down that is the sign that they are ready. They fall down, and in a kind of fit arise up to do whatever they are set on to. It is really spiritualism in extreme. . . .

We decided to pack up what we could and escape into the villages amongst the Christians. Our villages are some distance from the city, and mostly up and about the mountains, with a good look-out, and consisting of just a few families in each; if any evil hands came along, we hope to be warned and flee to the next village, and so on. We packed what we could in our bed-bags, of clothing and books, etc., left the most part of our things in boxes, locked up, and trust that they may be saved; if not—well, it doesn't matter much. It is wonderful how very unimportant it seemed our belongings were; there was really nothing I seemed to cleave to. If our lives are spared we shall only be too thankful. We didn't get to bed before one in

the morning. I scarcely slept a quarter of an hour, and rose about 3.15. One cannot sleep well these days, and it is not to be wondered at. Our card was sent to the Yamên this morning, but the Mandarin was not up, so we still thought it best, guided by our dear, faithful Pastor, to stick to our original plan and come, for a few days at least, to the villages. The card again will be taken later on by Deacon Li, who has agreed to stay and keep the door at Ta-ning. N.B.—The card has not been again taken, it is no good, the Mandarin has had a royal command to *get rid of foreigners ! ! !*

So we left, first sending off messengers to Kih-cheo and Sih-cheo. We had just a verse of hymn and prayer. The dear old Pastor piped his eyes, as did several (I didn't then, and haven't since), and so we mounted our top-heavy steeds and left the city quietly about 7.30 A.M., arriving here about 2 P.M. Travelling in the noontide heat, we stayed on the road for a drink of *millet gravy*, and again had some questionable water at a little village, and glad indeed were we to arrive. The people all seemed very glad to see us. I think it will be better here than cooped up in the city like a rat in a hole, with no chance of getting out if an affair should happen. But it is a strange experience, this being hunted for one's life ! We have not come face to face with the trouble, but we have heard enough of the evil which is to be permitted to be wrought on foreigners through the Empress. So much for to-day ; what will to-morrow bring ? To-day's *Daily Light* guided our footsteps with His promise " My presence shall go *with you*, and I will give you rest." Perhaps to-morrow it may be " *Stirreth up his nest.*"

July 13.—Alice's birthday. Many happy returns !

We were aroused this morning, late for China, but early as far as our feelings were concerned, by some one calling outside to us to get up, as he wanted us to go out to his house for breakfast. So we arose and went. I am afraid the repast was not very appetising—just native bread, with a little saucer of bean sprouts to pick at between us, and half a basin of dish-water to drink (the water which served to steam the bread, which had a horrid taste—the water, I mean). We came back soon after, feeling very flat and tired, but after we had got some hot water and made some tea, we felt better. I scrawled some chicks on a bit of paper, to the amusement of some little children who clustered round, and sketched some caves in the yard where we are staying (see p. 45).

July 14.—We are safe here while we write, but nowadays who can tell how long ? Of course the city people know we are

here. We may have to go on to another, or other villages—who knows? Two city gentlemen called on Thursday after we left the city, and suggested it would be better for us to escape to the villages for a bit, as they wouldn't like to see the *kiao-si* (missionary ladies) who had been there five years, hurt. A man who put away his idols in the autumn last year is one of the leaders against us, and is teaching the Devil's tricks to the *children*. I wonder whether you will ever see these brief notes, it is so uncertain, so hard to write; but if there is a possibility of your hearing of us, of perhaps our *last* days, one cannot but write, and one does not but know which may be our *last day!* I feel so unfit to go, have done so little. Can it be that I must go *soon* into the *Presence of the King?* I would rather wait a bit; but nothing *can separate* from the love of Christ, and He will forgive. Of course we are in peace comparatively here, but we are all living, as it were, on ground which may be *rent asunder*. As we say again and again, *we have no help but God*. If He doesn't open up a way, *who can?*

Dear ones, will you ever hear of us again? We know how your hearts are going out to us; but help is so long in coming, and we know nothing really of affairs at coast. Can't trust Yamên proclamations, but we know our times are in God's hands. Don't grieve as those without hope!

Tuesday, July 17.—Sunday we had a really good time. Pastor got in very early, and then heaps of Christians came in to welcome us and sympathise with us. They walked in from all the surrounding villages. Men, women, young and old, and children not a few. Quite like a small conference. Then in the afternoon some others came along who had been keeping house while their sons came in the morning,—and talk, talk, I should think they did. It was really worth while being in such a position to see how loyal the Christians were to us; and even some of the outsiders would be sorry to see any harm come to us. We are certainly in a better position than most other foreigners, being amongst such simple, loyal, God-fearing men.

Yesterday we had the cry of *wolf*, for directly after breakfast and prayers, about 8 A.M., a little boy (our former cook's) ran in and said heaps of soldiers were in the city Ta-ning; we didn't know for what purpose they had come if they had, so we just took up our Bibles (your photos inside) and set off to the next village with Mr. Ho, and immediately sent a young Christian down to the town to see (distant 50 li). We stayed at the village all day, as it poured with rain, and at 7 P.M. ran back—oh! so glad to get back; for one was so weary sitting on the

k'ang (brick-bed). In the afternoon I found a shed full of straw finely chopped up, and, in spite of the natives' protestations, found a comfortable resting-place; but they immediately cleared out an empty cave and put a clean mat on the *k'ang*, and we thought, as it rained so, we should have to stop all night, and they were borrowing bedding for us to sleep on; but then Molly felt poorly, so we made that an excuse to go home, arriving in the dark, so glad of a cup of tea, having had nothing to drink all day since breakfast, as tea in that village is an unheard-of luxury. Didn't our beds feel soft to our tired bodies! It seemed so funny to be running away, or rather walking. It was only a false alarm.

To-day rained again. I cut out an under-jacket of white nainsook and occupied myself in making it. It is fearful to sit still and do nothing all day! The boy this afternoon came back from Ta-ning and said soldiers had arrived, but only just to inspire awe in the eyes of the wandering, unsettled evildoers. They will go back again in a few days—certainly they had not come to hurt us. The children in Ta-ning, too, we heard, cannot learn the evil methods which children in other cities have learned, they *can't* do them. Truly God has answered our prayers and "turned to nothing the devices of evil men." "Not a hair of your heads shall fall to the ground" is a promise which we can take for ourselves. The messenger has not returned from Ping-yang-fu yet, so we don't know the fate of our friends there; we are also daily expecting news of Sih-cheo. The arrival of the soldiers will perhaps scare evildoers there. We trust it will.

July 18.—Sky grows clearer. To-day messenger in from Sih-cheo with copy of proclamation which had been issued from Empress to the effect that if the foreigners behaved themselves quietly in the stations their lives would be spared, but all the Christians must recant. This proclamation is decidedly more lenient than the one of last Wednesday, which said all foreigners,—as they had behaved so badly, in spite of the patience of the Crown for many years,—were to be annihilated. Of course, the news that a shot fired 60 li from Tien-tsin had penetrated the Palace at Pekin may have a good deal to do with bringing about this more lenient proclamation. Our natives, quite ignoring the unfavourable clause with regard to themselves, are almost dancing with joy. Deacon Li himself ran up 50 li from the city with the news, saying he was delighted and exceedingly glad, and his old face was all smiles. Deacon Hsü also ran in from his village with a chick and some

barley-sugar. He was followed by Pastor Ch'ü with some real big eggs, of which he was very proud, presented us by his mother. Everyone always speaks at the top of his voice, so there is quite a commotion when anything arrives. My little "sheep" (the servant's name in Chinese) had made bread and sponge-cake and sent it; he has never made a cake before, only seen it made, but he did it very well. We entertained the Teacher, Pastor, and Deacons with it at tea this afternoon. They enjoy sugar in theirs—quite a treat for them. Li has been busy in stowing away all our things in boxes and various places, and hiding them, mixing all our things up together; he quite enjoys the idea of our sorting them out when we go back.

July 19.—Nothing much has happened since yesterday. This morning Pastor Chang came in just after Pastor Ch'ü departed, looking like a small mountain under his big blue umbrella. The two Pastors are such a contrast in every way, both truly pillars of grace, but as different as chalk and cheese. This afternoon my "sheep" came up from Ta-ning. I was so glad to see him; he brought up a basket of things from Mrs. Peat, which she had sent us from Sih-cheo. Bread and two big cakes, a little pot of strawberry jam and a bottle of Liebig and a tin of gingerbread biscuits. Wasn't it thoughtful of her? They are still in peace at Sih-cheo, and we are hoping things have passed the crisis. It was nice to hear the "sheep" himself say how Elsie was, whom he had seen at the Fu, so ill and wan she looked, scarcely ate food. I think this will tell on her nerves, all these trying experiences.

July 20.—No news outside. Spent the day in reading, working; in the afternoon a lot of women and children came —and oh! Chinese children are tiresome; they howl and yell, and their mothers smack them hard; they howl the more, they roll in the dust and kick and scream—a regular Bedlam. The mothers and aunts and sisters and cousins sit all round on the floor. The flies are very numerous. We lie down for two hours in the middle of the day and sleep a little. We get up early, about six, sometimes before. So the day seems long. Get to bed about 9.30!

July 21.—No news. Just going on here as usual. We eat and drink and sleep. A chicken ran at my legs because she thought I was going to tread on her little baby chicks. I finished my under-jacket to-day, and spent the rest of the time in putting on pockets to jackets which hadn't any pockets. One can't settle much to anything, as one is always wondering what will happen next. What will be the end? Some of the weak

Christians, fearing persecution, are even now putting up idols in their houses and taking down the Almanacs. It is as yet only the weak ones, who perhaps never were *really* of the *true Church*.

July 22.—Yesterday I wrote no news,—to-day I wish I could write the same, but it cannot be. Yesterday morning the Pastor came in; we were rather surprised, as the day before he had been in, but on inquiry it was said all was well at Ta-ning. So we had tea, and afterwards our usual foreign Saturday Prayer Meeting. Then we were thinking of having evening prayers. I delayed a bit to come, and Edith met me and said, "All the Young's party are killed." I said, "What?" in high falsetto. It was such a shock. I wanted to cry, but the Pastor said "Don't"; so I sat as in a dream while he read out the letter saying how that, last Tuesday, July 17, Mr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. McConnell and child Kenneth, Miss King and Miss Burton, had left Ho-tsin or some near village on their way to Yellow River which was close by, where they hoped to take boats for the South. Early in the morning they met a party of men, who said they would conduct them over the river; in a little, Mr. McConnell, who well knew the road, saw that they were going wrong, and said so. Then they arrived at some lonely place near the river-bed, and the men said, "All get down" (whether from donkeys or litters we don't know), "your time has come to die, this is the place." They dismounted, and all knelt down, and Mr. Young prayed. The robbers said to the mule drivers, "Take your things and go, we don't want to hurt you." They went. They killed all of them and one Chinese attendant, and stole all their things, and took off the two horses belonging to Mr. Young and Mr. McConnell. That is all we know about it. Seven people quickly hurried away to heaven. They might have done so much for the Lord in China. All of them young. The two girls came up with me. One, Elizabeth Burton, waited five years to come to China, being engaged to Mr. Brewer, who has just gone home this spring on furlough, and Annie King was indeed just full of joy and brightness. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Young, I don't know how to write about them. Lately I was staying with them at Kih-cheo—just at beginning of June. You know I spent some six weeks there last autumn, while Mr. Young was a little while itinerating. They were always so kind to me; I was at Tien-tsin on their wedding day last year, and now married a little over a year they will have their long honeymoon in heaven. The first friends of mine who have died—and oh, such a death! It makes one shudder,—hacked at with knives, I suppose. The

robbers (for such they were) would never have dared to attack them if the Empress had not issued a proclamation saying that foreigners were to be exterminated. They would never have dared to kill so many. Oh, it is sad, sad; such valuable lives; and who will be the next? Perhaps we shall, for why should we be spared when, for my own part, I know that the lives of those who have gone were so much more valuable than mine. I don't want to die, and such a death; but if it comes, well, it will be for a little, and after, no more sorrow—no pain.

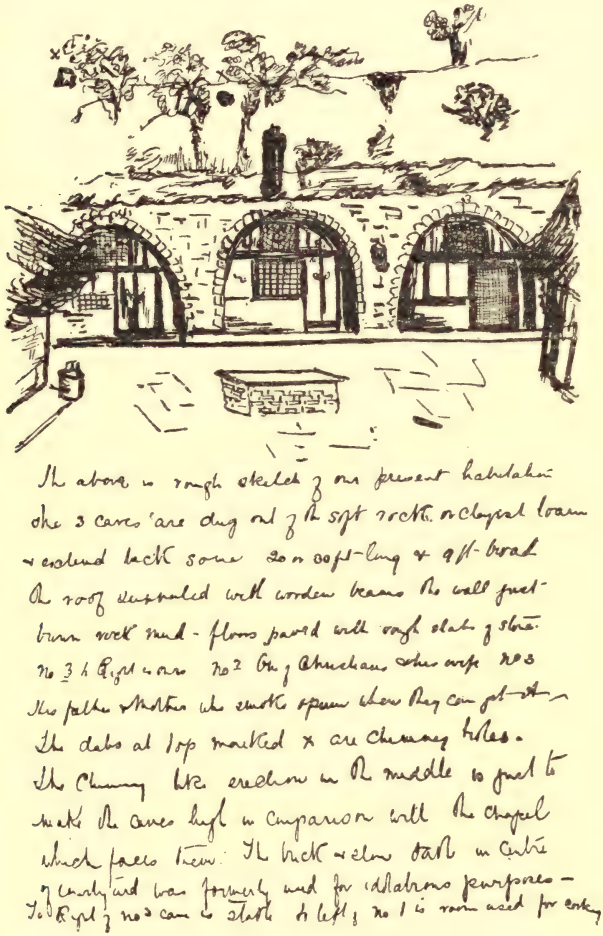
Day by day we are without knowledge of what news may come! Darling Mother, don't be anxious, whatever news you may hear of me. It will seem useless in the eyes of the world to come out here for a year, to be just getting on with the language, then to be cut off. Many will say, "Why did she go?—wasted life." Darling, *No*. Trust—God does His very best, and never makes mistakes. There are promises in the Word that the Lord will save His servants, and deliver them from the hands of evil men. Dear, it may be the deliverances will come through death, and His hands will receive, not the corruptible, but the incorruptible, glorified spirit. I have no absolute confidence that we shall be spared what these dear ones have suffered. We may, but we may not. Of course, where there is life there is hope. But hearing of these martyrs makes the hope dim. We are called to suffer with Jesus. Very literally one takes the Scriptures nowadays, just as the first Christians did; they endured physical suffering for Jesus. We often endure mental and spiritual, and now we are called to endure, perhaps, extreme bodily suffering. But, darlings, death is but the gate of life, we shall see His face, and, darling Mother, I'll wait and long for you there! Our dear friends and relatives, God alone can comfort them.

These days the less one looks in the glass the better. I didn't bring one with me, but Molly did; I have just viewed myself a few times, but the result is not pleasing; but it doesn't matter, we shall be transformed.

These days are tedious, so uncertain, and I'm afraid now full of a kind of dread of the next news. When shall we hear of the fourteen friends from Ping-yang-fu who are now journeying to the South? At present, our two stations of Ta-ning and Sih-cheo are the only ones in the Province where the foreigners are in residence; all the rest have hidden, are travelling South, or have been cut off. How long will our stations be in peace? Now is the hour and power of darkness, now the Prince of the World is in power. How long, oh Lord, how long?

July 23.—In a Temple on top of a lovely mountain.

You read our present situation above. As I said yesterday, one never knows what is coming next. This morning we had


The above is rough sketch of our present habitation
the 3 caves are dug out of the soft rock or clayish loam
& extend back some 20 or 30 ft long & 9 ft broad
the roof supported with wooden beams the wall just
bare rock mud - floors paved with rough slabs of stone.
No 3 the Right is ours No 2 [illegible] No 3
the father & Mother who smoke opium when they can get it
The dabs at top marked x are chimney holes.
The chimney like erection in the middle is just to
make the caves high in comparison with the chapel
which faces them. The brick & stone bath in centre
of courtyard was formerly used for idolatrous purposes—
To Right of no 3 cave is stable to left of no 1 is room used for cooking

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF MISS MAY NATHAN'S LAST DIARY.

prayers, I had just made my bed, breakfast just ready, when Edith comes in quickly and says, "Make haste, we have to go." I snatched up a little Bible and a pocket, and departed, and at Ho's suggestions, ran back and got a cake and biscuits which Mrs. Peat had sent us. Of course we hadn't had a touch of

breakfast. We went first to a cave of one of the Christians, and had three short prayers in English; Molly had hardly finished, when Ki-t'ai-ri came and said, "Come quickly," and then began an up-and-down over unfrequented steep paths, till we arrived here, our breath fairly gone. Poor old Edith's heart had the jumps, pumping up these steep sheep-paths. We sat down frequently on our hats, when we couldn't go any longer. My skirt and jacket came off, and I had just leggings and little white jacket. This temple is in ruins. I'll draw it presently. We have to sit on the ground or on slabs of stone. Ki-t'ai-ri has gone to a village 4 li off to get some water, as we are very dry. We have been lying down, like Jacob of old, with a stone for our pillow. But I don't believe I said why we were hiding here. News came early this morning that a party of robbers were on their way up here after us; yesterday they had been overheard by one of our Christians at Chuan-ko, talking about finding the foreigners. Then later on they came to Shih-Ch'eng, where the Pastor was taking the Sunday services, and asked if there were any foreigners there; they knocked at the door repeatedly and then went. Shih-Ch'eng is on the road here, about 40 li away. I think they are going to take our bedding, etc., into the city to-day. Of course we have nothing with us whatever, not even a comb, nothing to sleep on; we hope perhaps to get to a village, 20 li from here, for the night, Ho-i, our cook's village—his brother is a teacher and an earnest Christian—and then perhaps go to the city. I believe they have some idea that for some days we are to go flying up to deserted temples by day, returning to villages by night; but I really don't think one could stand much of it. Of course you see, now we have no guaranteed government protection, any evil man may harm us and practically go scot free, so we have to be careful; but it is rather like the *hare* being hunted by the *hounds*. Stones are not soft! . . .

Translation of a letter from Pastor Chang Chï-pen of Ta-ning to the relatives of the Misses F. E. and M. R. Nathan and E. M. Heaysman.

Our three beloved lady Missionaries were of one heart and full of zeal. Our native brethren and sisters in the surrounding district were delighted to receive the Gospel from them, and as a result this Church gradually increased.

Unexpectedly, during the 6th Moon (June 27-July 25), we heard of the slaughter of Missionaries and native Christians, the destruction

of places of worship, and the looting of property in the capital (T'ai-yüan-fu), Hong-tong, Hsiao-i, and elsewhere. We and the ladies were much alarmed. In addition, a man Ting Ch'uen Ch'uen, of the business house which trades under the name of Kong-ho, brought back with him from another place a copy of the magic formula (used by Boxers). The whole city formed an unlawful league, and the heads of it gave performances. The people constantly assembled in the temples and practised the Boxer drill. The ladies and ourselves were afraid, and escaped to a village called Muh-ien. There were also armed villains who came from Kih-cheo, looking for the ladies and for native Christians. Moreover, four places,—this city, the villages of Nan-san, Tao-kiao, and Koh-k'eo, drew into a confederacy three other places, namely, the market towns of Wu-chen, and Sang-pih, and the district of Yong-ho. These formed one company and went to a place called Si-chuan. There the heads of the league, with their fathers, sons, fellow-clansmen and friends, made swords, spears, and staves to help the Boxers. They then, in every place, killed the Christians, set fire to their property, plundered them of their goods, and fined them heavily. They searched most carefully for the ladies and the native Christians. At that time there was no way of escape (lit. No way to rise to heaven, or to enter the earth, even if you so desired). The only thing was to take refuge, either in the southern hills or in the northern groves, or in a den or cave in the mountains. Even fathers and children could not look after each other. The ladies were entrusted to the care of Yang-teh-ch'uin, Ho-hua, and Deacon Li. These three men were with the ladies hiding for some time. On the 18th of the 7th Moon (August 12), Yang-teh-ch'uin was killed on the south hill at a place called Lu-kia-yao. After he was dead the three ladies were seized (beloved sisters, alas ! alas !), dragged to the outside of the city to a temple where it was difficult to either stand, sit, or lie down, hungry and thirsty, with no one to look after them, and surrounded by a gang of evil men. At early dawn on the morning of the 19th of the 7th Moon (August 13), the three were killed.

News of the victories of the foreigners reached us during the second intercalary 8th Moon (September 24-October 22). On the 10th day of the 9th Moon (November 1) the Ta-ning magistrate Ts'ao, in company with the gentry of the place, placed the corpses in coffins and deposited them in a temple in the western suburb of the city.

My offence was the same as that of these sisters, whom we dearly loved, but happily I was seized a few days later, on the 27th of the 7th Moon (August 21), with my son. The edict of the Governor Li, who succeeded Yü-hsien, which saved our lives, came to the Yamên on the 26th or 27th of the month (August 20 or 21), thanks to our heavenly Father's abounding grace.

On the 19th of the 7th Moon (August 13), a person named Ma-Shuang-hu arranged with the villagers of Tong-chuan, Fang-kia, Ri-kih, and T'i-kia-yuen to seize Mr. Peat and those with him, six

people in all. (*Note.*—Later information reported these friends as having been killed near K'uh-u on August 30.)

Mr. Ogren was killed by the people of the Tao-kiao village. (*Note.*—Mr. Ogren died later, at P'ing-yang-fu, from injuries received in Tao-kiao.)

I entreat whoever may receive this letter, that they translate it into English, and have it forwarded to the relatives of the Misses Nathan and Heaysman. This letter is an important one, as when the Misses Nathan left the chapel, they specially commissioned me, being desirous that I should write and let their father and mother know the details of all they passed through.

May the grace and peace of God and of the Lord Jesus constantly be with us all!

From Dr. Lovitt's Last Letter

T'ai-yüan-fu, *June* 28, 1900.

Dear Friend—We do not know whom you may be, but we thought it well to leave this letter in the hands of a trusty native to give to the first foreigner who might come along. . . .

We would like our dear home ones to know we are being marvellously sustained by the Lord. He is precious to each of us. The children seem to have no fear. We cannot but hope for deliverance (hope dies hard), and our God is well able to do all things—even to save us from the most impossible surroundings when hope is gone. Our trust is in Him entirely and alone. We at the same time are seeking to do all that is in our power, and asking guidance at every step. . . .

There is not much time. We are ready.

Arnold E. Lovitt, M.R.C.S.

MEMORIALS OF THE TA-T'UNG MARTYRS

Behold, the Devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried.—Rev. ii. 10.

"The manner in which the persecution of the saints is here traced to the direct agency of Satan, is very well worthy of observation. We sometimes assume that Christians were persecuted, because the truth for which they bore witness affronted the pride, the prejudices, and the passions of men; and this is most true; but we have not so reached the ground of the matter. There is nothing more remarkable in the records which have come down to us of the early persecutions, and in this point they singularly illustrate the Scripture before us, than the sense which the confessors and martyrs, and those who afterwards narrate their sufferings and their triumphs, entertain and utter, that these great fights of affliction through which they were called to pass, were the immediate work of the devil, and no mere result of the offended passions, prejudices, or interests of men. The enemies of flesh and blood, as mere tools and instruments, are nearly lost sight of by them in a constant reference to Satan as the invisible but real author of all. . . . There is on the one side an outbreak from the bottomless pit, the might and malice of the devil, making war against God in the person of the saints; on the other, a victory, not over evil men alone, but over Satan, so transcendant that it could only have been surpassed when Christ Himself beheld him with the spirit's eye fall as lightning from Heaven."

Archbishop Trench on "Epistles to Seven Churches in Asia."

THE TA-T'UNG MASSACRE

TA-T'UNG is a prefectural city situated in the north of the Shan-si Province, where the C.I.M. opened a station in the year 1886. When the previous volume *Martyred Missionaries of the China Inland Mission* was published no confirmation of the rumours concerning the massacre of the six missionaries located in that city had been received, and consequently memorial notices were not included in that book. It was earnestly hoped they might have escaped *viâ* Mongolia into Russian territory, but this hope was to be rudely shattered. After long and anxious waiting, the reports were confirmed by several natives who reached Tien-tsin, but it was not till June 1901 that actual eye-witnesses arrived at the coast who told the sad and awful facts.

From their story, it appears that on June 14, the Boxers made their first entrance into the city of Ta-t'ung and commenced enrolling and drilling recruits. But though the storm of persecution was thus gathering, there were eighteen candidates who by baptism on June 18 publicly enrolled themselves as the recruits of Jesus Christ. Of these eighteen no fewer than five sealed their testimony by a baptism of blood not many days later.

It was on June 24 that the storm first broke, and the hunted missionaries found shelter for a time in the Yamên of a friendly prefect, but not before both Mr. and Mrs. McKee had been badly wounded by stones, the former on the head, the latter on the ankle. A few days later, on June 27, the helpless little band was escorted back to the mission premises, and a guard placed to protect them.

Under these painful circumstances a little son was born to Mrs. McKee—born to receive a rude and cruel welcome from the land of his parents' adoption.

It is not easy to imagine what these friends must have suffered during this time of agonising suspense. Anxious and sleepless nights were passed by Mr. McKee and Mr. I'Anson in weary watchings to prevent surprise; and long and painful suspense must have been the lot of the ladies in the home. Could death be so near when a life had just been given?

By July 12 the guard had almost disappeared, only two men remaining, and at 7 o'clock that evening a small official arrived to take the names of the foreign inmates. This was not for purposes of protection, for only an hour later the house was surrounded by three hundred horse and foot soldiers, and sword and fire soon did their deadly work. At this time of savage massacre, sweet little Alice McKee somehow managed to escape and hide herself in a cow-house. Dear child! escape was impossible; for after what must have been a night of horrid terror, the morning light revealed her to the ruthless foe, and by the cruel way her parents and baby brother had so recently preceded her, she also passed to join her loved ones in the home above.

Thus perished every foreigner in that city, only three days later than the massacre in the capital T'ai-yüan-fu. But foreigners were not the only ones who fell in this city, for no fewer than thirty-two of the native Christians suffered martyrdom at the same time; so that our beloved friends, in a very true sense, had the great joy of entering the Master's presence "bringing their sheaves with them."

The most recent news of the Church in this district, tells of the persecuted and scattered remnant reuniting their forces and renting a small place for public worship, and this long before any missionary had had opportunity of visiting them. Two trustworthy native deacons have been sent up to that station, and Messrs. Middleton and Belcher have followed to succour and comfort this sorely-afflicted body of believers.



MR. AND MRS. STEWART McKEE AND DAUGHTER ALICE.

To face page 52.



MR. AND MRS. C. L. ANSON, DORA, AND ARTHUR.

To face page 53.

The names of those martyred in Ta-t'ung-fu on July 12 are as follows:—

Stewart McKee	Florence E. I'Anson
Kate McKee	Margaret E. Smith
Chas. I'Anson	Maria Aspden

Children

Alice McKee	Arthur K. I'Anson
Baby McKee	Eva Marion I'Anson
Dora I'Anson	

MR. AND MRS. STEWART McKEE

TA-T'UNG, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, July 12, 1900.

The summer of 1882 was a season of special blessing in Glasgow—all over the city; and St. George's Cross Tent had a good share of the showers that fell from the open windows of Heaven. Several of those who that summer were brought to Christ in the Tent are now earnest preachers of the Gospel, and one, at least, has gone by a fiery way to Paradise. Stewart McKee was then a tramway-guard on the Kelvinside route, and was repeatedly asked to attend the services in the Tent, but at first refused point-blank to do so. Being induced to come "just for once," he that night heard a message from God which changed his whole life, and led him to give himself most whole-heartedly to the Saviour. He at once became a home missionary, and before that season was over, some ten or a dozen of his workmates were also led to trust in the Lord Jesus.

For about three years he approved himself ready and willing to do any service for his new Master, no matter how humble the service might be; and then the desire was born in his heart to go forth to preach the Gospel to the Chinese. This desire became so intense that he assured the writer that if no missionary society would send him out, he would work his passage to China, and find some way of supporting himself when he got there. God set before him an open door, and in 1885 he went out as a member of the first Glasgow party in connection with the China Inland Mission.

In that same time of grace—the summer of 1882—Kate McWatters was brought to decision for the Saviour in a Bible-class in the vicinity of St. George's Cross, and at once cast in her lot with the workers at the Tent. She was deeply interested in Brother McKee's call to the mission-field, and two or three years later followed him to China, where, after the usual probation, they were married. At first their work was in Mid-China, but that region not suiting their health, they removed to Ta-t'ung-fu, in the extreme north of the province of Shan-si. In that city they worked for ten years, with the exception of a short furlough at home in 1892. They were made a blessing to many, both natives and missionaries, all who met them bearing witness to

their zeal and devotion and singleness of purpose in working for the glory of God and the good of the people amongst whom their lot was cast. The work was peculiarly difficult and trying in many ways, the extreme isolation of their station not being the least of their trials. Yet God did not leave them without some precious fruit of their labours, and in one of his last letters our brother gave a dozen most interesting and intelligent testimonies given by some of their converts at their New Year Conference (February 1900). The last letter that reached us is dated May 9, 1900, and then we had a long, weary wait of eight months without any definite news of our friends. Now, however, tidings have been brought to the coast by a trustworthy Christian native that in the second week of July the mission premises in Ta-t'ung-fu were looted and burned, and our dear friends, together with their sweet little daughter Alice and new-born babe, and four other missionaries and three children, were killed with swords, and their bodies thrown into the flames of their burning home. It is sad for those who loved them to think that they can never look on their faces again on earth, but it is the greatest of joys to know that they are only "absent from the body," and "present with the Lord," which is far better. "They do rest from their labours, and their works do follow with them." May it be ours to follow Christ, even as they did, so that when the end of our earthly life shall come, there may be no doubt about what our new address is.

D. J. FINDLAY.

One Sunday Mr. McKee could not preach the sermon he had prepared, but felt impelled to take an old text—Matthew xi. 28, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." At the time he could not understand why he felt so constrained to preach from this text, but in the evening of the same day, the reason was revealed to him. On going to light the lamps in the Chapel, he heard the voice of one—an opium patient—pleading in the darkness, "Oh God! give me this *rest*." Mr. McKee left the man alone with his God. The following evening—Monday—this earnest suppliant was heard repeating the same prayer, in the same place, "Oh God! give me this *rest*." On the Tuesday morning, when Mr. McKee went to give the opium patients their medicine, this man said to him: "Pastor, it does not matter about the medicine, or anything; I *have the rest* you preached about, in my heart: Praise God!"

M. E. BARRACLOUGH.

MR. AND MRS. C. I'ANSON

TA-T'UNG, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, July 12, 1900.

My dear brother, the late Mr. Chas. I'Anson, was persuaded by a friend to attend the Night-school Classes at the Conference Hall, Mildmay. It was here he was led to give himself to the Lord, and he at once accepted his responsibility as a disciple of the beloved Master. He started by taking a class at St. John's Church, Hoxton; here he became acquainted with Mr. Harland, of the Buttersland Street Mission, and joined in his evangelistic mission work in the neighbourhood of Nile Street, Hoxton, both as a Sunday School teacher and lodging-house preacher. He also did a great deal of work in some of the roughest lodging-houses in Whitechapel, in connection with the late Mr. Geo. Holland's "Ragged School Mission," and it was while engaged in this work he received his call to China. He offered himself to Dr. Grattan Guinness, and was accepted for training.

He was a splendid worker; a real, quiet plodder, sticking to the work in hand till it was finished; a man of few words, but of peaceful and blameless life; truly, a man without guile, his one aim being the Glory of God, and salvation of souls. His whole heart was in his work in China, and nothing pleased him better than the thought that he would die in harness. The prayer of his family is, that through his humble efforts, the Lord may "see of the travail of his soul," and be satisfied.

ROBT. E. I'ANSON.

After a course of study at Harley College, Mr. Charles I'Anson sailed for China along with eight other young men, of whom the writer was one, on November 3, 1887. We were part of the one hundred missionaries given to China that year in answer to prayer. After four months at the Training Home at Ganking, we travelled together as far as Pao-ting-fu in Chĭh-li, where we parted for a few years, he going to the Northern Station of Ta-t'ung-fu in Shan-si, and I to T'ai-yüan-fu in the same province. Some years later we were brought into close relations again, as our brother was asked to take up the work at Hsiao-i about the time we went to P'ing-yao. He attended one of our Native Conferences at P'ing-yao, and we have had him as our guest several times.

Of a genial and cheerful disposition, he was a general favourite with the missionaries and the natives. Ever faithful to God,

and to His Word, he was not easily ruled by mere human sentiment. In dealing with native Christians he always sought their highest good—kind, yet firm, he won their confidence. The Opium Refuge Work at Hsiao-i, which has been so fruitful, was introduced by Mr. I'Anson, and was later carried on by Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell.

The work at Hsiao-i was greatly helped and strengthened by his stay there, but he had always a longing for the Ta-t'ung district, and after their furlough, Mr. and Mrs. I'Anson, with their children, went there as co-workers with Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McKee.

The Lord has abundantly blessed the labours of His servants in that district, and many have been added to the Church, and not a few of these have, during the recent persecution, sealed their testimony with their blood. A. R. SAUNDERS.

Florence Emily I'Anson was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Doggett, of Sandon Bury, Herts, where she was born in 1867. Her early religious training was most carefully attended to by her parents. While living at Sandon Bury, she went to school at Hitchin, and had as one of her teachers a future missionary of the China Inland Mission, Miss Barclay (now Mrs. Botham), to whose influence, among others, is probably due the awakening of her own interest in the work of God in China. In 1881 her parents removed to Cherry Hinton, a village close to Cambridge, and to this town Florence was now sent to school. It was while studying at Cambridge, and attending the ministry of Rev. T. G. Tarn, that she was led, in 1884, to make public confession of Christ Jesus as Lord, in baptism.

The outgoing to China in 1885 of "The Cambridge Seven" was used of God to stimulate her interest in Foreign Missionary Work, and this interest was deepened by a short visit of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor to her home, and by intercourse with Dr. Handley C. G. Moule, Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge.

After a short Hospital training, and some added experience in Evangelistic Work with Miss MacPherson in East London, she sailed for China, in October 1889. Seven years later, in 1896, she came to England on furlough. Her husband, Mr. I'Anson, followed her in 1897, and together they returned, with their two children, to their sphere of service in China in September 1898. She always spoke of China as "her home," and after her return there, wrote to her friends, of her own joy and that of the natives, in being once more back in Ta-t'ung.

T. W. G.

MISS M. E. SMITH

TA-T'UNG, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, July 12, 1900.

Miss Margaret Elizabeth Smith was from Canada, having been born at New Hamburg, Ont. Her father was a native of Durham, England, and had come to this country to settle in the new land as a farmer, New Hamburg being finally his choice of location. Here several children were born, and among them, in 1858, as one of four daughters, Miss Margaret Elizabeth. Miss Smith received the usual education of a Canadian farmer's daughter, but her parents being very refined people, much was added to her life in the way of general culture which others in like circumstances did not receive. This was especially true in religious matters, as her father and mother were exceedingly godly people, so that deep spiritual impressions were made upon her from her earliest childhood. It was not until Miss Smith was twenty-three years of age, however, that she was brought to the Lord. This blessed event occurred in connection with her attendance at her weekly Bible Class, where the Holy Spirit, on a particular evening, brought deep conviction to her through the story of Ananias and Sapphira, which, though there followed a few weeks of bitter struggling, finally led her to the Master's feet as a surrendered soul. She was at this time connected with the Methodist Church, the only one in her neighbourhood; but her former and later connection was with the Church of England. In October 1890, her older sister, Miss Annie, applied to the C.I.M., and a year later left for China. This dedication of her sister to missionary service much impressed Miss Margaret, and when, somewhat over a year afterwards, her sister in China fell asleep as a result of a fever, she could no longer hold herself back from God, but joyfully gave herself to Him to take her sister's place. Her younger sister offered too, but sickness prevented her from going to China. She now sought for the preparation needed, and with this in view, went to Chicago and had a year and four months' training at the Bible Training School of Miss Emma Dryer. She then returned to Toronto, and entered the Church of England Deaconess Home. She eventually sailed in 1896, in company with the Misses Pasmore, Walter, McClenahan, Hall, Waterman, and Palmer. The station

which was chosen for Miss Smith was that of Ta-t'ung, in North Shan-si, and she had the privilege of going there, together with Miss Jessie Thompson, of Montreal, in 1897. Here she became associated with Mr. and Mrs. McKee, the heads of the station, though she became the companion in a special manner of Miss Thompson. A ripe and holy friendship sprang up between these two friends, and their companionship in the Lord became very blessed. Miss Thompson, being a trained nurse, became particularly interested in medical work, and Miss Smith was her faithful assistant in this, and particularly in spiritual ministry to the Chinese women. But the friendship formed and continued in Christ, so far as its earthly relationship is concerned, was destined to be broken, for Miss Thompson was taken suddenly ill in October 1899, and upon the seventh of that month, passed away to her eternal reward. Miss Smith felt this blow more keenly than any other affliction which had ever come to her, and repeatedly expressed her sorrow in the letters which she wrote to friends at home. But in spite of her sorrow and her loneliness, there was no thought of turning back from her service. With new courage and devotion, which she obtained from waiting upon God, she set her face toward the future, her only thought being to glorify the name of her precious Master in the saving of souls. The letters referred to were about the last received from her. Quiet days followed, full of happy and helpful service. Then came the outburst of anti-foreign and anti-Christian fanaticism, and the tide of persecution, setting northward as well as southward in the province, finally reached Ta-t'ung, sweeping everything before it. Not one was left of all that goodly company of blood-bought witnesses. Who now will take her place, and witness as she has witnessed for Christ?

H. W. Frost.

MISS MARIA ASPDEN

TA-T'UNG, SHAN-SI

Suffered martyrdom, July 12, 1900.

Maria Aspden was a native of Preston, where, for over twenty years, she was head-mistress of Emmanuel Infants' School. In this work she was particularly successful, "invariably securing very gratifying reports from Her Majesty's Inspectors."

She was converted to God in 1884. One of her pupil teachers, referring to the thoroughness of the change wrought in the life of her mistress, writes: "I noticed such a difference in her life and manner, that I longed to know the same blessedness which could make this happy change. I did not speak to any one about this desire which had taken possession of me, but I watched my mistress for some time. Eventually a fortnight's mission was held at the church which we attended. On the last Sunday night of this mission, I remained behind for the after-meeting, and there and then accepted the salvation which was offered to every one that believed in the Son of God. The next morning I mustered courage to tell my mistress that I remained for the after-meeting, and of the blessing I had received. Never shall I forget her joy, and how she took me apart for praise and prayer. From that time we were knit together in the closest of bonds, for we were united in Jesus Christ, our elder Brother. Under her watchful, tender, and loving care, I could not fail to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The influence of her sweet life will never be lost on me. She was most self-forgetful, and thoughtful of others, and would watch for and seize every opportunity to win a soul for Christ."

For years she had a desire to go out to China as a missionary, but her duty to her aged parents kept her at home until their death. Afterwards she applied to the China Inland Mission, and was ultimately accepted by the Society for work in China. She set sail for that land on December 24, 1891, and reached Shanghai on February 6, 1892. She was sent to Ta-t'ung, in Shan-si, where for several years she laboured with Mr. and Mrs. S. McKee, Miss Barraclough, and Miss Thompson. Her progress in the study of the language was rapid, and she was soon able to



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MISS MARIA ASPDEN.

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speak fluently and easily to the people. Of her character and service in Ta-t'ung-fu, Miss M. E. Barraclough, a fellow-worker, writes as follows:—

"In the autumn of 1892 Miss M. Aspden and I went with the McKees to Ta-t'ung-fu. Together we studied the language and began work among the dear women of China. I remember how we started a sewing-class to induce them to come to us. And while they worked, we sought to teach them the Commandments, texts of Scripture, and hymns. This was the means of bringing many to the Sunday services, and the Holy Spirit brought one dear little woman under conviction of sin. God used dear Maria to speak the word that brought peace to this soul. Her great love for little children helped to remove the prejudices and win the regard of the mothers, for the little things would run to her, or hold out their arms to her in the street. She held classes for the women, visited the villages, and was much beloved by the women wherever she went. When the opium patients were feeling poorly, she would not only pray with them and for them, but would say something bright and full of fun that would give them a good laugh and make them forget for a time their misery. Very precious was the hour we always spent together on Sunday mornings in prayer for home friends and work."

On December 15, 1898, after furlough, she set sail to return to China, and rejoined her fellow-workers at Ta-t'ung in the spring of the year following. Only a brief eighteen months of further earthly service, and she was translated into the presence of the King.

THE PERILS AND SUFFERINGS OF
SOME WHO ESCAPED

"Yet a little while, and through grace we may join that blessed throng, to sing the praises of Christ throughout eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food! Marvellous loving-kindness to me a sinner.—Your affectionate brother in Christ,"

(Capt.) ALLEN F. GARDINER.

"We knew not where we should find lodging, nor how we should get food; for we were moneyless, having only what clothes we wore, baby's quilt and pillow, the saucepan, and a little bag of flour to make gruel for baby, and my scissors. But He who said, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head'; who had for our sakes become poor, and for whose sake we were now poor, had not forsaken us. He had said, 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?' Had we not come to China in full reliance upon Him? Before leaving Sweden for China I had said, 'The Lord will care for me, and if not, I am willing to go through starvation into heaven.' Was He now to take me at my word? I wondered, or would He only try me? However it be, I felt that to die of starvation for Jesus, who died for me, was easy. I found it true—'My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'"

O. OGREN. (*See* p. 69.)

"A GREAT CONFLICT OF SUFFERINGS"

By Mrs. Ogren

"Inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, rejoice."

In the early summer of 1899, after six years of work in the north of the province of Shan-si, my husband and I settled in the city of Yung-ning-chou, about five days' journey to the south-west of T'ai-yüan-fu the capital. Though the city had been visited before, we were the first missionaries to commence settled work there. The people, though of a bold and independent character, were quiet and well disposed towards us.

The long-continued drought and threatened famine made the people become restless and threatening, and so eager was the official to obtain rain that, finding his prayers in the temple had failed, he even secretly asked my husband how to pray to the God of Heaven and Earth. In May 1900 the Boxer trouble commenced in the south of the province, and about the middle of June two men arrived in our city, who announced themselves as merchants, though they had no goods to sell. Their dialect, too, was that of Shan-tong, and they were soon followed by other similarly mysterious persons. The Boxers had come!

Whispers soon were repeated among the awestruck people to the effect that the Boxers wore buttons which kindled fires (celluloid), and that they were stealing girls to recruit the "Red Lantern Society." Absurd stories stating the arrival of foreign soldiers in packing-cases, and that "the Heavenly Soldiers," as the Boxers were called, had flown away into heaven at their approach. The early fears and suspicions which the people had of the Boxers were soon exchanged for unbounded confidence, and they quickly enrolled themselves as their followers. Evil reports as to our poisoning the wells were spread abroad, and the neighbouring well was evidently tampered with, for its water all turned red.

On June 5 we heard of the murder of the two ladies, Misses

Whitchurch and Searell at Hiao-I, and the official who had so far sought to be friendly, told us we must endeavour to escape from the city. This we agreed to do. We had already cut a secret door through the back door of our garden, which we had plastered over, that it might be ready for our escape if necessary. For some time we had not been able to receive monies from the coast, but for our needful travelling expenses, the secretary from the Yamên brought us Tls. 100 (£15) one night after midnight. For this we gave a receipt, and having handed over our property to the official, prepared to flee.

Arrangements were all made that we should start for the Yellow River twenty-five miles away. In the dim twilight of the breaking day, July 13, a mule litter reached our door, which we silently mounted and started on our long journey to Han-kow. Only God knew what lay before us,—how we should longingly look towards our home for rest and safety, but how our roads must part, one going to the old land and home beyond the seas, the other to the better land and home above. We reached the Yellow River (Chih-k'ou), where we found the people openly hostile. It was only by the stringent orders of the official, and the assistance of our guard, that we were able to hire a small boat to take us as far as T'ung-kuan, for which we had to pay Tls. 50 (£7). The official did his best to show us favour, but as we left we heard the people both yelling and spitting at us. The One whose name is "Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God," had helped, and restrained our enemies, for we heard that the poor famine-stricken crowd were all armed with clubs to kill us.

Down the rapid river our little boat swept along, keeping us in constant fear of shipwreck. So swift is the current that boats never ascend the river, but all the boats used are sold for a small sum at T'ung-kuan, their destination. That day we travelled seventeen miles, and stopped at a place where our guard had to be changed. We found our money was not enough for us to proceed, so we sent back word to the friendly official, and after four weary days of waiting, the same kind secretary Ch'en appeared with more money. Praising God for all His goodness we started once more, and though beset by many difficulties, the goodness of God, and the cordial letter of recommendation granted us by our friendly Mandarin, enabled us to safely reach a place called Lung-wan-chan, 170 miles from our starting-place, and half-way to our destination T'ung-kuan.

At this spot there is a most dangerous rapid, and all boats have to be dragged on shore for more than three miles and launched below the rapids again. It was here we heard of the

massacre of the McConnell and Young's party, and realised that no letter of recommendation could bring us safely through the dangers ahead.

Near our halting-place we found an old ex-official, about 80 years of age, who knew our Yung-ning Mandarin,and for his sake he showed us kindness. He promised to hide us in his home which was in Shen-si, some twenty-five miles from the river. Before we started, we were suddenly startled by the arrival of thirty-three soldiers, under two officers, who were said to come from P'ing-yang-fu, with orders to drive us out of the province. Through the mediation of the old ex-official, who gave these men a feast, we were not molested, though they robbed our evangelist of the last little money we had left in his care; and after this we never saw him again.

And now began a painful chapter of wanderings. We started for the home of the old ex-official as promised, but had not proceeded far before we saw some men skulking about among the rocks ahead. Though much alarmed, we could do nothing but go forward like Israel at the Red Sea. On one side were steep rocky mountains, on the other the rushing muddy torrent. Behind who knew how many enemies waited for us, and ahead our foes were crouching in our sight behind the rocks. I was riding on a mule, our things were packed on another, and my husband followed behind carrying our little Samuel.

As I came to the rock, out sprang the men brandishing their weapons and yelling their orders for us to stop. They demanded Tls. 300 (£40). I got down from the mule and went up to the man who was swinging his great sword. I begged him to have mercy on us, to take all else but spare some few things for the baby. Perhaps he felt some pity, for when they were rifling our things, he reached me a little baby's shirt on the point of his sword. After they had taken all they wanted, the man with the sword began whetting it with the strange Boxer movements, shouting "Kill" at the same time. We thought our last hour had come, and expected that soon our dead bodies would be hurled into the rushing river. They however heard our pleas for mercy, and spared us.

We now felt our lives depended on getting out of Shan-si as soon as possible, so we crossed the ferry into Shen-si. Well for us we did, for early next morning twenty-two soldiers came with orders to arrest us, but we were already beyond their power. It was dark, and raining when we landed from the ferry on the Shen-si side, and only by the promise of a reward were we permitted to share the black and smoky caves where the ferrymen lived.

Here we waited four long days, hoping the old ex-official would send us help in answer to our earnest request. On the fourth day a man came with a little help, but we were fleeced of nearly all this before the ferrymen would allow us to depart.

And now we started on a weary tramp across the rough mountains to the place of refuge offered. In the great heat, often was I so parched with thirst, that I sank down exhausted by the way. On the second day we reached the farm where refuge had been promised, but the tenant's wife refused us food, and we were barely permitted to use a cave outside the farmyard. Here we were stripped of all by two bands of robbers, and at last we hid in a cave deep in the mountains, but so small that my husband had to dig out lumps of earth, both to get more room and to make a screen to hide us from the shepherds.

Though safely hidden from the robbers, we could not live without food. We had only cold water, and a little raw flour, for our poor nine months' old baby. At last, compelled by hunger, we crept out of the hole and back to the farm, only to receive a rough welcome from the angry and cruel men, though the women were more kind. It cut me to the heart to see my husband and child suffer so much from hunger. I could endure the hunger much better than they. Sometimes my husband was in awful agony of pain from hunger. But when I grieved about it he said, "It is no matter what we suffer for Jesus' sake." In the midst of hunger and privation he would say, "I rejoice that through these sufferings the Church will be awakened into new life. The field is being watered with blood; what a harvest there will be!" He, too, was soon to join those who had shed their blood for poor China, and his comfort was in the assurance, that the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together.

We tried to arrange with the tenant's son-in-law, a most villainous-looking fellow, to go to our old friend the ex-official and get us some help, but in vain. This wretched youth had heard of the Boxers' offer of Tls. 100 (£15) for every foreign head, and he began to rave like a madman, and snatched up his sword and rushed at us. Had not his wife and relatives held him back, we should surely have been killed. We now saw that to stay longer was impossible, and hoping that the war would soon be at an end, we thought the best thing we could do, was to get back to our city of Yung-ning and go on with our work.

We felt safer in Shen-si than in Shan-si; so thought of going north till opposite Yung-ning, then cross the river and hurry secretly into the city, and ask protection from the official, who, we were sure, would do all he could to help us. I still had my

foreign scissors, and hoped we could persuade the ferryman to take them for our passage-money. Next morning we turned our faces homeward—how we longed for home and rest once more after all our sufferings! But what a long, toilsome way lay before us! We knew not where we should find lodging, nor how we should get food; for we were moneyless, having only what clothes we wore, baby's quilt and pillow, the saucepan, and a little bag of flour to make gruel for baby, and my scissors. But He who said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head"; who had for our sakes become poor, and for whose sake we were now poor, had not forsaken us. He had said, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" Had we not come to China in full reliance upon Him? Before leaving Sweden for China I had said, "The Lord will care for me, and if not, I am willing to go through starvation into heaven." Was He now to take me at my word? I wondered,—or would He only try me? However it be, I felt that to die of starvation for Jesus who died for me, was easy. I found it true—"My yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

When we started from the farm the people had to hold back the tenant's son-in-law, who again, raging like a madman, sought to attack us. Avoiding the larger roads, we followed the by-paths, sometimes creeping on hands and feet up the steep mountain-sides. The people whom we met treated us kindly, and we received at least food once a day, and a lodging at night. On the third day we came to a large river called the Fen, which we had to cross. Though we were told it was fordable at places, we could not find a way over; and we had almost concluded to turn back, when we saw an old man coming toward us. He agreed to show us the way.

The current was so swift it made one dizzy to look down, and the water was so deep it was difficult to wade. The old man took my hand to keep me from being carried away, and I, by faith looking up to God, took hold of the hand of Him who said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

When we had crossed the river, the old man showed us the way to his village. So God gave us not only a guide across the river, but also a lodging-place, for it was now sunset, and the region very desert-like. Weak as we were, it was a hard climb

up the bank to the village. The people received us very kindly, and supposing the next day was Sunday, we concluded to stop the day.

When we again set out upon our journey, after a long day of weary travelling, towards sunset we suddenly came out of a narrow gully, close to a large village, where we saw the flags of a Customs barrier flying. To turn back was useless, as we had been seen, so we determined to pass on, right through the village, whatever might happen. The crowd gathered and made ribald sport at our expense, shouting in their diabolic glee. After we had passed through the village, we were seized by some bad-looking ruffians who had followed. These men, who proved to be underlings employed in the Customs Office, led us away to a temple, where we were locked up during the night in a tumble-down sort of prison.

The next morning two men were appointed to escort and drive us out of the province. The younger of the two was an evil-countenanced, but unarmed, rogue; the elder, who looked far more villainous, carried a sword, which he kept prominently in view. Our little stock of belongings was again overhauled, and the feathers from Samuel's little pillow were emptied out and maliciously burned. One of them seized my Bible; but the vehemence with which I declared I could not and would not part with that Holy Book, seemed to touch the heart of even this ruffian with his murderous sword, and after turning over the leaves a little, he hesitatingly handed it back to me.

These men led us on through a wild, desolate gully in the mountains, and on one occasion took us aside into a deep pit-like ravine, where they told us to sit down and rest. Fearing foul play, we refused to do so, and were then taken to the summit of a hill and again ordered to sit down, but we again refused. When night came on, we slept in our thin garments on the cold bare stones of a temple floor, and were only too glad for morning light, that we might get warm by walking.

We were now nearing the Yellow River, and we pleaded to be released, but, sure of a reward from the Boxers, they refused to do so. Our captors compelled the ferryman to take us over free, and when we saw the Red Lanterns hanging outside one of the houses on the other side, we knew the place was held by Boxers. We were at last really in the hands of the Boxers. They did not harm us, but led my husband into a shop with the "Red Lantern" over the door to have a talk with him. A crowd gathered around me and Samuel, and one man, cocking his head to one side with a sardonic grin, told me, "The Ta-ning

missionaries have gone back to heaven." By this I knew the ladies there had been murdered.

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The Boxer movement, though allied to the numerous secret societies of China, was not itself secret, but, on the contrary, was recognised and protected by the Government. Teachers of the new practices went far and wide; and the sect also spread by means of printed incantations scattered and used where no teachers went. When any one sought the help of the spirits, he first marked a circle on the ground, large enough to stand in. This circle he then bisected with a straight line, across which he marked three other short lines. Taking his stand upon these crosses, facing south-east, he would bow respectfully as to an honoured guest, and then begin reciting some long incantation. This was repeated again and again, until the spirit took possession, when he would fall backwards flat upon the ground. When, in a few minutes, his arms and legs began to work spasmodically, he would sit up and slap his thighs and body, then rising to his feet, would whirl and throw his limbs about in motions similar to those of a trained pugilist.

As soon as he began to mutter the word "a sword, a sword," a sword would be handed to him, which he would whirl around as in Chinese drill. All this time his eyes had remained closed, but at a touch on the forehead from his leader, his eyes would open as though waking from sleep. In the early days the candidate would need to repeat the incantations many times, and when the spirit left him he would be greatly exhausted. But, some more quickly, some more slowly, would become mediums, so that as soon as they faced south-east and began the incantations, the frenzy would come upon them without falling down or closing the eyes. Having reached this stage, he was considered a full-trained Boxer, ready to fulfil the will of the spirit in exterminating everything foreign. For foreigners no ransom could be accepted, but they would rob, blackmail, and torture Christians. About the Boxers gathered a crowd of professional rowdies and outlaws, who sought to enrich themselves as Boxer assistants. Such were the men who had brought us to this place.

The Boxers were divided into eight clans, following the eight mystic symbols of Chinese geomancy, and each clan had its distinctive colour—White, Red, Black, etc. This division into clans gave to the society the name of *I-Ho-T'uan* (Volunteers); *T'uan* being the Chinese for a compact group of individuals. The name *I-Ho-Ch'üan* (Boxers) came from the pugilistic or gymnastic

exercises of the spirit-moved persons, *Ch'üan* meaning a fist, or to use the fists. A large proportion of the Boxers were boys, as they were more susceptible to the spirits than mature men. Many children were won from among the poorer people, by the promise of perpetual safety from all calamity if they would give their sons to this righteous crusade. By the people they were called "Heavenly Soldiers," as they were under the control of the spirits who had come down from heaven. It was reported in Shan-si that as soon as foreign troops attacked Boxers, the latter would fly away to heaven, out of the reach of bullets.

There was also a society called "*Hung-teng-chiao*" composed of women. The members of this "Red Lantern Society," as the name means, were said to be able to fly to foreign countries, where they burnt down houses and cut off heads at will.

Many of the more intelligent people said the movement would be short-lived, and advised the Christians to hide for a while and all would be right.

. . . . . .

But I must return to our experiences. After my husband had been some time in the shop, he was led out, and we were told we should be taken back to our home at Yung-ning. This was doubtless to beguile us into following them, for we were led east instead of north; and we knew we were being taken to Ta-ning, which was only twenty miles away. That evening we were taken two miles to a village where Boxer flags were flying, where we were locked up in a cave. I was utterly exhausted, and the heat and glare had caused my eye to become very painful and swollen, so that that night I thought it better to die than to live. Next day, though my eye was so swollen that I could not see with it, we were compelled to travel till near sunset. We reached a village called T'ao-chiao, ten miles from Ta-ning, where the Boxer General had his headquarters.

When we reached the temple where the Boxer General was, we heard a stern voice say, "Bring in the man." My husband seemed much dejected, but was encouraged and helped by a verse the Lord had given me, "Fear not, for I am with thee." The young man who had escorted us, led my husband in, then returning took me into the outer courtyard, where I sat down upon a stone with Samuel on my knee. I could hear my husband speaking in pleading tones to some one in the temple. He was telling them who we were and whence we came, when he was quickly interrupted by a loud shrieking voice. Then came the sound of the sharpening of swords, followed by a weird moaning, as of some one being tortured. My feelings were indescribable.

I could only pray God to cut short my husband's sufferings, and fill his heart with peace, and give me courage to meet my lot without fear.

A little later I was surprised to hear my husband's voice speaking in pleading tones. Again he was interrupted, and again came the same moanings as before. Then all was silent! My husband was killed, and I was left alone with my helpless babe! It was now dark, and all the guards had left me, so the thought came that I should creep away and hide among the mountains. I arose and started for a few steps, but the thought came, "How can I go away, and leave my poor husband alone?" and I felt almost ashamed of myself. Ere long, the men who had brought us here, came hurrying out of the temple, and pulled me behind a wall, saying, "The General is coming, and he can't abide the sight of a woman."

There was a great firing of guns and shouting, and the whole crowd came out of the temple-yard, carrying, as I supposed, my husband's corpse. They came to me, and I thought, "It is my turn now." A sense of weakness came over me, and though I wished to rise, I could not. A man seeing I could not walk alone, held out an iron crook for me to hold, and taking me by the hand led me down to the side of the river. At some distance away, along the river, I saw a number of lanterns, and heard a great uproar, but could see nothing distinctly. After a long while some men came along, and said my husband had run away. It seemed strange to me that he should flee, especially as I thought him dead. Away back to the temple I was led again, and once more I heard the same weird moaning, and now realised that it was part of the Boxer incantations.

Later on I was locked up in a cave, with only a bowl of water. In the darkness I could make out a pile of brickwork in one side of the cave, but not till next morning did I find it was a walled-in coffin, and we had been sleeping in a tomb. My baby slept well, though water was his supper, and the cold ground his bed. His little quilt had been thrown away, and I took off my own gown as the only substitute.

It was late next morning before any one came near us, when a man brought me some rice and porridge. While I was eating this poor breakfast, two of the guards came and hurried me away. After having led me some distance, they suddenly cried out, "Go and hide. The big man is coming." As I ran to hide, one of the men replied, "Humph—a big man indeed!" "Yes," said the other hotly, "the big man (official) is as good as another." I suppose it was the Boxer General passing, and when I rose

from my place of concealment, my two guides had disappeared. So I was alone with my little Samuel. Yet not alone. Oh no! Had He not said so distinctly to me yesterday, "Fear not, I am with thee"? Yes, truly I had with me the presence of One who is "Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." I could see only with one eye, but I was guided by Him whose eyes "run to and fro through the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him."

My purpose now was to try and reach Ta-ning, where I heard the Peats and others were in prison, for to be with friends in prison, was better than this awful freedom. At times, Boxers pretended to be about to kill me; at other times, some women would come round me and give me food. Towards night, I heard that there were some Christians in a village across the river. Overjoyed at the news, I started to cross at once. Calling to a man who was drawing water on the other side, I asked him where the ford was. He pointed to the left and went away. Before I could find a shallow place darkness came on, and I had to go through the water "in the name of the Lord." I stepped down into the water, which became deeper and deeper, and my clothes made it very hard to walk in the swift current. Just as I was nearing the other shore, I suddenly stepped into deep water. Crying to God for help, I found strength to throw my little bundle on the bank; then as the water was sweeping us away, I felt myself lifted as by strong hands and set upon the rock. Thank God we were safe, though wet to the skin.

I comforted myself by thinking we should soon be among friends, but I found only enemies. Though I told my story and entreated for a little food, they only jeered at my widowhood. That night was the first I spent under the open sky. Sometimes we had had no walls, but so far always a roof; now there seemed none beneath the cold bright stars to pity us. Chilled to the bone, I sat there shivering, and wrapped little Samuel in his wet quilt and laid him on the ground. Long after dark two men came and led me to a cave. They said that was all they could do, and then left me with a "God bless you," from which I knew they were Christians, but unable to help me because of the Boxers. And God did bless me, for in spite of my wet clothes and a stone for my pillow I slept soundly. Samuel slept well too, though he had only a little cold water for supper.

I awoke early and started before daybreak, but in spite of all my precautions, I was seen and caught by the Boxers. It was the kindly intervention of a gentleman, the village headman,

which saved my life. He gave me food and a pair of socks, saying at the same time, "You will remember my name when you think of these socks,"—his name and "socks" in Chinese being the same sound. This newly-found friend appointed two gentlemen to escort me to Ta-ning, and though their task was no easy one, they were enabled to keep off the Boxers and bring me safely to the Ta-ning Yamên. The Boxers stamped and jumped in the frenzy of their rage; and much to their chagrin, for they hoped I should be handed over to them, I was put into the common prison. I now learned that the Peats' party had left for the coast only two days previously; but God had ordered for me, for all that party were killed before they got out of the province.

The prison where I was imprisoned, was situated on one side of the Yamên front courtyard. A strong, iron-faced door opened into a small yard, in which were two rooms, both of which had earthen floors and were very filthy. When the door was closed, a little light came in through a small hole high in the wall. The *k'ang* (brick-bed) was caged in by bars which reached to the roof and separated into two cages. It looked like a place for the lowest class of criminals. The large outer door of the prison had a hole in the centre, through which was passed some bread, half a water-melon, and 50 cash (1½d.), and the prison keepers spoke kindly to me.

In the afternoon the door was opened, and I was ordered to bring out the boy. Terror seized me as though I had been struck by a thunderbolt. I had been told in the morning, that all foreign males were to be killed and the women sent home, and was advised to say my child was a girl. I had, however, when asked, said he was a boy. I was led into the courtyard, where the official sat high on his judgment-seat between two lictors. I was ordered to kneel, and knowing this was not worship but only humility, I did so. The Mandarin sternly questioned me regarding my husband, whence I came, etc. I told him my story, and that my husband was dead. This he denied, though I did not believe him, thinking he only sought to clear himself of the responsibility of the murder. As I told my story, he began to speak in kinder tones, as though moved by pity.

The examination over, I was taken to see the secretary's wife. She told me, she had offered a reward for finding and bringing in my husband. While there a message came that the official's wife wished to see me; but when I was led in she only stood on a balcony and threw me down 100 cash (3d.). Then I was led

away back to prison. Oh how desolate I felt as I sat there with my orphaned babe! My heart was heavy, but there was little chance for reflection about my misery, with the awful pain in my eye. The day wore slowly away, and in the evening I spread a mat on the ground for a bed, as the *k'ang* (brick-bed) in my room was full of vermin.

As the night grew colder, I went in and lay on the *k'ang*, where it was warmer, though sleep was impossible. As day began to break I was falling into a dose, when I seemed to hear some one call my name. Waking, I ran out into the courtyard and looked up to the hill overshadowing the prison. My heart was beating wildly as I thought, "Is it possible my beloved is still alive and calling down to me?" Again that longed-for, tender voice, "Olivia! Oh Olivia!" But it came from the hole in the prison door. I ran to the door, and looking out, saw him whom I had mourned as lost; and, flooded with joy, cried, "Oh Alfred! Are you really still alive? Praise God, oh, praise God!" Speechless with emotion he could only look at me. We could not even join hands because of the gate between. What a sight he was! But for his voice I should scarcely have known it was he. His clothes hung in tatters, and his head was bound up with a piece of lining torn from some garment. He was quickly led away from the loophole and I could see Boxers running wildly about in the Yamên yard—had they seized him again at last? My heart sank at the thought. But no; he had been taken charge of by the Yamên people, and the official was waiting to receive him.

Soon the prison door was opened, and together we were all taken to a fairly good room. Some water was brought me with which to wash his wounds, and a powder to help them heal. Having no bandages, I washed the blood from his muslin shirt and tore it into strips. What a sight! A great piece of the scalp hung loosely down; one ear was crushed and swollen; his neck bore two sword gashes; near the shoulder were two spear cuts, one very deep; and all his back was red and swollen from beating. I washed and cared for his wounds as well as I could. Then I boiled up some rice and mutton; the secretary's wife also brought a bowl of meat soup. By this time it was nearly evening, and we were very hungry. When we had eaten a good meal, my husband made me glad by saying how much better he felt. With rest and quiet he would soon have been well, but that was impossible in an open room in an open Yamên. People came to see us in crowds, and were so kindly and sympathetic we had not heart to keep them out, even had we dared to try.

When we had quiet I heard my husband's story, which was as follows:—

"When I was taken into the temple at T'ao-chiao, the Boxer General ordered me down on my knees. He asked me, how many people I had misled and ruined. I assured him, I had never in my life harmed any one. He would not listen to such talk, and had my hands tied behind my back, and I was bound to a block of wood, when all the crowd began to kick and beat me, our former guard taking part. They heaped the most awful curses on the name of Jesus, making me shudder at their horrible blasphemies. When I asked them for a drink of water they said, 'Ask your Jesus for water.' When all hope of life seemed past, I asked them to let me see and speak with my wife before I died. They said, 'Ask your Jesus whether you may see her,' and brutally kicked me on the head. The thought of dying without one more sight of that dear face which had so long been my cheer, was too bitter, and I sobbed aloud. As I lay there bound to the block they said jeeringly, 'Now ask your Jesus to deliver you.' I began fervently to pray, 'Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they do. But show forth Thy great power, that Thy name may be glorified.'

"After a little they loosed me from the block and led me to the river side, to kill me as they said, my hands still bound behind my back. When we came to the river, they forced me down on my knees and set upon me from all sides, but as their weapons clashed one on another they did not kill me at once. Loss of blood soon made me feel faint, but I was so happy! The sweetness of His presence filled me as never before. Cutting and stabbing were as nothing, and I felt no pain. To my inward vision heaven seemed open, and one step would take me there. I longed for deliverance.

"Then came to me suddenly as a flash of lightning the thought of my wife and child. I asked myself whether you were still alive and whether we should not die together. Roused by the thought, I suddenly leaped from the midst of the crowd into the water. Thirty or forty men were standing round me, Boxers and helpers. Two started to follow, but feared the deep water. The others cried, 'Good! Good! He will die in the water.' I managed to get out on the other side, and with my hands still bound behind my back, started to run up the steep hillside. Then there was a great hubbub; but under cover of darkness I got out of sight. My shoes were lost in the water, so I went on barefoot over the rocks. After going about fifteen miles I dared to stop and free my hands by rubbing

the cords on a stone till they were worn through, and on the top of a mountain I came to the home of a Christian farmer, who gave me food and drink and 200 cash (6d.); but, not daring to keep me in his house, he took me to a cave for the night. One man stayed with me for company, who told me I must not attempt to stay there, but go on very early in the morning. This I found strength to do, and set off for Yung-ning, still wishing to get home.

"I hid during the day in a cave, from which I could see the people running about as if in search of something. (We learned later the Boxers offered a large reward for his head.) After dark I set out for Yung-ning, but lost the way and came round again to the Ta-ning road. Several times I was directed the way to Yung-ning, but always got back to the same road to Ta-ning. Hearing that my wife was already there, I felt encouraged to keep on, and if possible share the prison with my family. I was told to go in through the East gate, which was nearest the Yamên, and thus more easily escape the Boxers. But with all my care, before I could cross the short distance to the Yamên, some Boxers discovered me and started in pursuit. I ran for my life; and managed to reach the Yamên, where I was received and protected."

With mingled joy and sorrow I heard the story of this marvellous deliverance, and together we praised God for bringing us together again, even in a prison.

While in this prison some people came to visit us who, by their treatment of us, showed they were not of this world. My husband asked them secretly about themselves, and they said they were Christians, but their own tortures had been so great, and what they heard from other places so terrible, that they had renounced their faith. Their hearts still clung to the people of God, and they rejoiced to help us. We were glad to meet them, and exhorted them not to forsake the Lord. We were greatly cheered to hear how Pastor Ch'ü, whom we both knew, had stood the test. Not only the Boxers had sought his life, but a few renegade Christians, who blamed him for all the troubles which came upon them, watched for him where they knew he was hidden, but he managed to elude them all, and came through alive.

My husband had rejoined me on August 28, and on the morning of August 30, two donkeys arrived at the Yamên. The plan was to escort us from city to city until we reached the coast. They had only put rough wooden pack-saddles, without cushions or stirrups on the animals. These were so rough and

hard that my husband could not ride, and was obliged to walk. Our guard consisted of four soldiers and four Boxers under an officer. Our hearts sank as we thought of again coming under the power of the Boxers. Upon this journey we were treated very brutally, though the officer endeavoured to restrain his men. My greatest pain was to see my wounded and suffering husband so maltreated, but he frequently said, "It is nothing to suffer for Jesus' sake."

Next day we reached the first city, P'u-hsien, and were kindly received by the officials, who gave us good food, and even tried to buy milk for little Samuel. That evening, however, brought us bad news. The officials at the prefectural city P'ing-yang-fu would not receive us. The P'u-hsien people were very kind, and advised us to request the officials to permit us to remain there, as no Boxers had ever lived in the place. We had no opportunity to do so, for we did not see the official again, and the next morning we had to start back to Ta-ning.

Our journey back was one of great suffering. We were practically deserted by our guard, starved and exhausted, yet eventually we reached the city of Ta-ning. But now a new testing time came. Our little Samuel had suffered so much from starvation and hardship, that he fell very sick. By the third day he was too weak to cry, and it seemed almost impossible for the poor limp little body to recover; yet we pleaded with God to spare him. The official gave us 100 cash (3d.) and one bowl of rice per day. We gave the money for two bowls of milk which a man offered to sell us, and we managed as best we could with the bowl of rice between us. The fresh milk was better than medicine, and we praised God as we saw the child grow stronger and stronger.

We began to hope that the end of our distress was near, but it was not so. My second eye began to swell, and I sat day and night helpless and suffering. My poor husband soon utterly collapsed, and became delirious with fever. He was haunted by the belief that we were being chased, and he caught up the baby and wanted to flee for his life. It was impossible for me to keep him quiet, and I was obliged to call in the help of the other prisoners. We spread the old bedding the official had given us on the vile *k'ang*, and, after binding his hands, tied him down to the bed. God only knows the horror and misery of those hours. Here lay my poor husband who had lately been so strong and cheerful; there our baby, the picture of health and the admiration of all when we left home, now a mere living skeleton, and I—well for me I could not see my own face, for surely there would

have been little comfort in the sight. My cup of suffering was now full almost to running over.

After that awful night my husband seemed to get a little better. I rejoiced to be able to loose his bonds, and in a few days we could join in prayer and take sweet counsel together from my precious treasure, the Bible; my eyes became less painful, and baby steadily improved. I was now buying only one bowl of milk per day and spending the other 50 cash for meat for my husband. The jailor scolded me for doing so, and the official cautioned me several times against wasting my money. I longed to give my husband some nutritious food, and, had I known how near his end he was, I should have gone even at the risk of my life and begged the official to help us in our extremity. I was limiting poor little Samuel to one bowl of milk per day, and I had begun to give part of our rice for a little more milk, which meant robbing myself of much-needed food. The official, hearing I was selling part of the rice for milk, both stopped giving the rice and forbade the milkman to call. The prison den became intolerable, and harder than all weariness and starvation, were the filth and vermin. Only those who have endured such conditions can know the torture. The very sight of the filthy surroundings brought scalding tears to my eyes.

But, whatever might be denied me, no one could deny me the precious privilege of prayer. What rest of soul, when for a few moments I could close my eyes to the miseries which surrounded me and look up to the "God of all comfort."

> From every stormy wind that blows,
> From every swelling tide of woes,
> There is a calm, a sure retreat—
> 'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.

One of the gentlemen in the Yamên asked me, whether we still prayed in prison. I said we did. He asked what use there was in it. I explained as well as possible the blessing and glory of being a child of God, even the poorest. At my simple assurance of the peace of those who have the comfort of God's loving presence, he seemed much impressed, and listened respectfully. That we, though poor and suffering, abused even by our fellow-prisoners, for the sake of our faith, should still hold to that faith, seemed to surprise him.

When my husband grew strong enough to talk intelligently, we spoke together of our thankfulness to the Lord for the experiences of His goodness He had given us through suffering. We saw it as a part of His training for us. We had often sung,

"Give me a greater, higher, more perfect faith in Thee." My prayer for some time had been: "Lord, use what means thou wilt, but make me ready for thy coming." He had taken us at our word. Now I wished only for Him to carry out His purpose with me. After sharing in the distresses of the poor in China, though only in temporal affairs, I can more fully sympathise with them and pray for blessings upon them.

After a month of misery and untellable sufferings, word came that we were to be escorted to P'ing-yang-fu, and from thence to the coast. Evidently orders had been received to protect us, for we were provided with new clothes, and had straw mats provided for the *k'ang*. A few days of this treatment would have strengthened my husband for the journey to P'ing-yang-fu, but in two days we had to start.

On October 4 Capt. Li arrived with about ten soldiers. My husband was called in to see the official. He still wished to go back to Yung-ning and resume our work as soon as possible, but perhaps, seeing my husband was not very fit to decide our course, they soon came for me also to go and see the official. I told them I thought it best to go to the coast as quickly as possible, and they promised to have us taken on at the earliest opportunity. We made ready to start next morning, but had I realised how weak my husband was, I should have chosen to remain where we were, poor as our position was.

On October 5 we started. My husband and baby were carried in a sedan-chair, while I rode on horseback. We were well cared for by our guard. At P'u-hsien we were furnished with a rough mule litter, and proceeded towards P'ing-yang-fu. As we neared the city we heard that the Empress Dowager and Court were passing that way, *en route* to Hsi-an, and we were stopped at a village four miles from the city. Here we lived in a temple till October 12, but as we could only obtain the very coarsest of food, which my husband could not take, he became very weak. When we did reach the city, we were received with such courtesy, that I felt quite embarrassed after our former treatment. We were told we might go to what had been the lady missionaries' house, and be attended by some of the former missionaries' servants.

We were politely escorted to our carts and set out for what was to be our home. We arrived to find the place uninhabitable. Doors, windows, and ceilings were gone, and the fireplaces torn down, but in the back courtyard was a small house which had been used as a school, where we found one room where we could stay. It was certainly small and close, especially when used as

both kitchen and bedroom. We now heard that some of the missionaries had escaped. This was joyful news, for during all these months we had heard only stories of murdered missionaries and ruined stations. We regarded the whole of Shan-si as having become a death-trap, and thought that every tongue which had sung praises to God and witnessed of His saving love was silent in the dust, and that we alone were left.

A few days before leaving Ta-ning, we had heard that there were foreigners both in Hung-tung and K'ü-wu. The foreigners in Hung-tung proved to be four Roman Catholics, who had retreated to a strongly-built village chapel, where, with native converts armed with guns, they had successfully resisted every attack. Those who were at K'ü-wu proved to be Mr. McKie, Miss Chapman, and Miss Way[1] of our Mission, who had succeeded in hiding in the mountains until the storm had somewhat passed.

During the night of October 14, two days after our arrival at P'ing-yang-fu, my husband became very weak. His pulse was very slow, but regarding it as a sign that the fever had left him, being very weary I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning he was lying heedless of all his surroundings and wanting nothing. I prepared some condensed milk, but he could not take it. A terrible fear seized me, and I almost seemed to lose my senses. For the first time I realised that he was dying. I begged him to speak, but he was unable. Oh, how I cried out to God in the anguish of my soul! As I prayed he fell into a deep, calm sleep, and I sat down beside him to keep the flies from annoying him. A young Chinese widow, whose husband had been killed by the Boxers, was staying with me and nursing little Samuel, but as he began to cry, I took him that I might prevent him from waking the suffering sleeper. Soon I heard a faint sound from the bed, but the widow said "It is nothing," to my anxious inquiry. A few minutes later I rose to look at him. A single glance revealed the truth. The weary, suffering pilgrim had gone into the presence of the King, to receive the martyr's crown.

No human words are full enough of sadness to tell my awful loneliness. No tears were bitter enough to ease my aching heart. A storm of grief overwhelmed me, until God gave me comfort. I sent word to the official of what had happened. Captain Li came to see me. He, the soldiers, and the Christians tried to comfort me, but human sympathy can do but little. But God wonderfully helped, and to my heart came with power those

[1] For the story of their escape see p. 84.



MR. G. McKIE, MISS CHAPMAN, MRS. OGREN AND CHILD, AND MISS WAY.
From a photo of the party and official escort taken after arrival in Han-kow.



THE ARRIVAL OF MR. G. McKIE AND PARTY AT HAN-KOW ON FEBRUARY 13, 1901.

To face page 82.

PAO TING FU
保定府



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

THE SHAN SI RELIEF PARTY AT THE PAO TING-FU RAILWAY STATION.

1. Mr. Ernest Taylor; 2. Mr. Tjäder; 3. Mr. A. Orr-Ewing; 4. Mr. D. E. Hoste; 5. Official in charge of Escort; 6. Dr. Atwood; 7. Dr. Creasy Smith; 8. Rev. Mõir Duncan; 9. Dr. E. H. Edwards.

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words, heard long ago outside the gates of Nain, "Weep not." I felt the truth of the song—

> Lonely ? no, not lonely
> When Jesus standeth by ;
> His presence fills my chamber,
> I know that He is nigh.

The same evening we bought a coffin, and the next morning we laid him to rest in a place outside the city, where strangers are buried ere they are taken to their own native place.

My chief human comfort was the young widow who was helping me. She too had known deep sorrow. Her husband, who had been postman for the missionaries, had been caught by the Boxers, dragged from prison, where the official had sought to protect him, and beheaded. His head was, along with many others, nailed to the city wall, until his widow was released from prison, when she took it down. We saw many other Christians who had suffered severely. Some had been maimed for life. One grey-headed old man had been hanged by his thumbs for half a day. Others had had a cross cut on the forehead by a sword.

On October 24 I had the glad surprise of meeting Mr. McKie, Miss Chapman, and Miss Way, who came from K'ü-wu. This was a great comfort. I could not speak as I pressed their hands in mine. Our long journey to Han-kow had to be deferred, and, meanwhile, we removed to the late Dr. Millar Wilson's house. Secretary Ch'ien, who went security for us, helped us in borrowing money from the officials. He also sent letters for us to the coast, enclosed in letters to his son at Chefoo.

On December 6 the Lord gave me a little daughter, sound in body and mind, which was indeed a great mercy, remembering all that I had suffered. Secretary Ch'ien's wife frequently visited me, and showed much sympathy. On January 6 we started for Han-kow under an escort of two foot-soldiers, sixteen cavalry, and two officers. On February 16 we reached Han-kow in safety, where we were overwhelmed with love and kindness. It was most touching to see how the generosity of friends in England abundantly supplied our need. Worth more than all temporal gifts, however, were the opportunities of united praise and prayer. After all that the Lord has given me to bear I can yet say from my heart—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name."

"THROUGH MUCH TRIBULATION"

By Miss M. E. Way[1]

It is a great joy and privilege to bear my testimony to the Lord's great goodness. I never thought that I should ever meet fellow-Christians again, until I met them at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. Time after time I have been face to face with death, but those moments were my happiest, for it seemed as if the very glory of the Lord shone round us.

After spending five happy months at Yang-cheo I was designated for Shan-si, and left Shanghai, March 20, 1900, and reached my station I'-cheng, twenty miles from K'ü-wu, on May 1, a bright and glorious day. A fortnight later Miss Chapman and I left for the P'ing-yang-fu Conference. Nearly all who were present at that Conference are now in heaven.

When we returned to our station, we found a great change had taken place among the people. Though our lives were threatened, we kept it a secret, thinking the trouble would soon blow over. A few days later a letter came from Mr. Kay, our missionary in charge, telling us to leave at once. We left in the cart he had sent, and safely reached the city of K'ü-wu, though we had to pass through a place where the Boxers were drilling. Here we remained for five weeks in great suspense, expecting every minute to be called into the presence of the King. At last the Mandarin told us he could not protect us, as a proclamation had been issued, that every foreigner was to be killed, and any one had permission to do the ghastly deed. We decided to hide among the mountains, and for this purpose had to separate into two parties; Mr. and Mrs. Kay and child in one, Mr. McKie, Miss Chapman, and myself in the other. The first three are now in heaven. On Wednesday July 4, we started for the mountains, being led by a few native Christians. We were

[1] Miss Way, Mr. G. McKie, and Miss Chapman (now Mrs. McKie) formed one party, Mr. and Mrs. Kay and child another, as they fled from the city of K'ü-wu. The first party was spared, the second taken (see page 28).

dressed in men's clothes, and tramped ten long miles until we reached a mud hut, where we slept till 4 A.M., when an old woman brought us some bread and water. She was very excited, and said the Boxers had just called and inquired if Christians lived there. They said "No"; but the Boxers did not believe them, and took the old father to a temple almost adjoining, where he was let off after worshipping the idols and paying a heavy fine. We were sorry he had denied Christ, but he came back rejoicing, saying that he had only done so outwardly, and had thus saved our lives.

That night we were obliged to leave and walk twenty miles up into the Kiang-hsien mountains. Here we hid in a loft for about six weeks, during which time we could only speak in a whisper, and go out at night for a little fresh air. This loft belonged to a noted thief, and for a sum of money he promised to shelter us. Our beds consisted of coffin boards, and the place was overrun with rats and vermin. Our faithful boy, who stayed in a cave close by, brought us food three times a day.

At the end of six weeks our whereabouts seemed to have leaked out, and we decided to try and walk to Han-kow, a distance of about 600 miles, walking by night and hiding by day.

We had heard of our dear fellow-missionaries at T'ai-yüan-fu, Hsiao-i, and Ho-tsin all being killed. On August 19 we started off at midnight, with an escort of six Christians and three outsiders. The night before, there had been a terrible thunderstorm, and the ground was very slippery and the scrub as high as our necks. We reached the top of the mountain about daybreak and came to two caves. The six men went into the lower one, and we into the upper one, in which was a human skeleton. Having a rug each and a change of clothing, we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and lay down to rest. About half an hour later we heard a tremendous noise, followed by a profound silence. Mr. McKie finding our escort had gone, we had nothing for it, but to leave our few things in the cave and start alone. We scrambled up to the top of another high mountain and slid down the other side on our hands and feet.

After long and painful wanderings we reached a village where we were followed by a band of fifty or sixty persons, all armed with knives and staves. They gathered round us and made us march back to the village, and told us that they had the six men who were escorting us, bound in the temple. We had been walking all day and all night without food or water, and when we had passed through the village we sank down unable to go farther. They all gathered round us, and I just commended my loved ones

to God, so sure was I that the next minute or so, I should see the King's face; but I had no fear, and realised that Christ went all the way to Calvary for me.

After a little while they calmed down, and much to our surprise released us; they also gave us some bread and water, and, as it was getting dark, told us we could sleep in an old temple. At break of day we left, and climbed up two or three mountains and hid during the day. We were hungry and thirsty, and called upon our God to deliver us. We knew not where to turn, but decided to try to find water, and as it was getting dusk, we started off and found a narrow stream by a bed of maize. We quenched our thirst and lay down in the maize, weary and shivering with cold, where we slept until morning. We prayed that God might soon take us home.

In the morning we went to the nearest house and asked for a little bread and boiling water, but they refused; so we walked on towards the village. We saw men all around, standing on high banks with knives in their hands, watching us, and every one refused to have anything to do with us. We left this village, intending to go and hide for the day, when we heard a man shouting after us. He told us about our six men who were bound, and said they were still in the temple, waiting to be dealt with by the Mandarin. We then asked to be taken back to them, that we might all die together. Just as the sun was setting we saw two men coming toward us, and we almost cried with joy as we recognised two of our own six men. They had all been released, and the others had gone home as quickly as possible; but our own faithful boy Ŭen-rĭ said he would try to find us, and one of the others said he would not leave Ŭen-rĭ. They led us back over the mountains, travelling all night and resting in the day. From our ankles to our knees we were one mass of bruises, our clothes were in rags, and we had to walk over stones and wet scrub in stocking-feet. The next day we were caught in a terrible thunderstorm, and we were not sorry, as we heard that a search-party of Boxers had been sent to look for us. We were drenched to the skin; and next day, our boy said he would try to take us to a cave, at the home of the other man who was with us. I prayed that God would give us a fine day to dry our clothes, and the sun shone out beautifully. It was nice to feel warm.

Next night two men came with food for us, and led us away to the cave. We reached there safely, only to find ourselves in the hands of thieves and murderers, who threatened to kill the man who led us there; so we had to go to another cave right down

in a deep gully. There seemed no hope now of our getting through. We felt sad, but looked forward to the glorious hope of soon being in heaven. We soon learned that this was God's very definite leading, as the Boxers had gone to the place where we were to have hidden in the home of one of the men with us, and robbed them of everything. His relatives had gone to the mountains, so escaped. If we had been there we should have been killed, but God willed that we should be spared a little longer, only "till He come."

We lived in caves for six weeks, and it was almost more than we could bear, day after day and week after week, in the very wilds of China, living in a little hole on bread and water, without a Bible. I prayed daily that God would send me a Bible; my prayer was answered, and I got four of my own returned, one for each of us. An inquirer came at midnight each day, and brought us bread and water. We were found three times, but God delivered us.

We prayed that God would scatter the Boxers, and the very day that we came to the village, orders had been given to scatter them; just in time to save us. By this time all the people got to know that we were in the district, so we were taken to the loft of one of the inquirers. In the small room below the loft two children were ill with smallpox, one died, but our God kept us well. We slept out in all sorts of weather and in wet clothes, time after time, and did not even have a cold. The Lord gave us strength for the suffering.

From this place we went to the home of a Christian, where we were delivered,—the K'ü-wu Mandarin sent soldiers and took us to K'ü-wu on Sunday, October 21. It was really lovely to be out in open daylight, only once since July 4 had we enjoyed this privilege. Travelling at night was our safety, but even then we could never have been spared, had not God given us the faithful boy Üen-rï. God used him as the instrument in saving our lives, and we can never forget him. He is still with us, and if God spares us to go to Shanghai he will accompany us. For five months we never had our clothes off. We prayed that God would send us clothes as the weather was getting cold; we were so dirty we were ashamed to be seen, and the Lord sent us some wadded clothing. We wanted to stay at K'ü-wu, but we were only there a few days, when the P'ing-yang-fu Mandarin came for us with a party of soldiers, and so we could not refuse to go. The K'ü-wu Christians wept bitterly when we left. Mrs. Ogren and her little boy were alone in P'ing-yang-fu, and we were glad to join her, as her husband had died there a few days before

we arrived. Many of the Christians visit us, and nearly all of them have a large cross on their foreheads, inflicted by the Boxers.

Our hearts are filled with joy when we think of the faithfulness of the Christians at T'ai-yüan-fu. The missionaries were beheaded first, and then the native Christians had to kneel down and drink their blood, and as they knelt they were killed—not one denied Christ.[1] The school-girls were taken to the Yamên, and the Governor said to them, "You follow the foreigners"; they answered, "No, we follow Christ." He then said, "You read the foreigners' book"; to which they replied, "No, we read God's Book."

Shan-si has indeed been watered with blood, and I rejoice to think of the glorious harvest yet to come. I heard that the T'ai-ku Christians had met for worship, and the Boxers had come and killed them all but two. How beautiful to be summoned home in the attitude of prayer!

My first twelve months in China have been full of a wonderful experience. I am hoping not to go home, but to have a rest, and return to my work in Shan-si. Pray that I may be daily strengthened, and led back to the same field as a faithful soldier armed with those Divine weapons which must conquer.

A little while for winning souls to Jesus
Ere we behold His beauty face to face;
A little while of healing souls' diseases,
By telling others of a Saviour's grace.

[1] This must refer, as the wording implies, only to those who were killed. Later information tells of not a few who saved their lives by recanting.—Ed.

"KEPT IN PRISON"

By Julius W. Hewett,[1] M.R.C.S.

On Friday, July 6, I left my station, that I might visit and consult the friends at Lu-ch'eng. Arriving at that city I met Mr. Saunders' party on their flight to Han-kow.[2]

About midnight of the night after my arrival, a letter arrived from Mr. Barratt, whom I had left behind, giving tidings of serious trouble at T'ai-yüan-fu, and saying that he was fleeing to a place called Liang-ma, whither he asked me to follow him. After consultation with Mr. E. J. Cooper and Mr. Saunders, I decided to return to Yü-wü and try and save the premises, aware that if one station was rioted, all in the same district would speedily follow. Starting before daylight, I arrived at Yü-wü, to find our place deserted, and the gates padlocked on the outside. The premises were encircled by a gaping group of natives, with whom I joined myself, until one or two Christians appeared on the scene, when we scaled the wall by means of a ladder.

I found, however, that it was not possible for me to hold on in the station, and I was at length obliged to seek refuge in the homes of the neighbouring native Christians. For over one month I was never more than ten miles away from the city. This was a month full of hardships and painful anxieties. I was never at one place for more than three nights, and was constantly by night fleeing from place to place, along the by-paths, up hill and down ravines. Upon one occasion I fell down a sheer precipice, a height of about twenty feet, but suffered only a severe shaking.

[1] On October 8, 1900, the C.I.M. authorities in Shanghai cabled home, "Apprehend the worst for Dr. J. W. Hewett." Unknown to them Dr. Hewett had been kept safely in prison, and arrived at Han-kow on November 6. For fuller details see *In a Chinese Prison*, by J. W. Hewett, 6d.

[2] See *A God of Deliverance*, by A. R. Saunders. Pub. Messrs. Morgan and Scott, 1s. net.

At the end of this month I became very much exhausted. I became fully conscious that I could not stand the strain any longer, and long ere this, it had become abundantly clear that no native desired my company. What was I to do? My servant told me that at the risk of his life, he had sought to verify a proclamation which had been recently issued, which on the one hand stated that any one harbouring a foreigner would with his whole family be killed and his property burned, and on the other hand stated, that any foreigner still living would be safely escorted to his native country. Though I feared this might be a trap, since I had come to the end of all my resources, I determined to risk it and give myself up to the officials.

In the evening I returned to Yü-wü and presented myself to the headman of the village, who after two days, accompanied by five of the village elders, escorted me to the district city of Tuen-liu, which place we reached on Sunday, August 5. Here I was first lodged in the *pan-fang*, which somewhat corresponds to our police-station in England. The next day I saw the Mandarin, who received me very civilly. The same evening, the Chief Secretary sent for me to go to his private house, where I also saw his wife and child. He told me the proclamation was only a trap, and that if I left the Yamên I should certainly be killed. He said that both he and his wife had not slept all night, thinking what plan they could adopt to save my life. His advice to me was as follows, "If the Mandarin says you must go, on no account take anything with you; but what will be better still, will be to go down on your knees and tell him you will not go, that if you must die, you are resolved to die here." He asked me if I wanted any money, but I replied that I thought it best to be without so long as I was fed.

I spent seven days in the *pan-fang*. It was a miserable and filthy place. At length the Secretary called for me again, and told me he had thought of a plan which he had already discussed with the Mandarin. It was, that in a few days' time, the Mandarin would call for me to appear before him in Court, and that he would ask me if I refused to go home to my own country. If I refused, he would chain my hands and feet and confine me in prison; but the Secretary assured me, that I had no need to fear anything, because my chains would be taken off as soon as I was in the prison, where I should be safely sheltered until peace was restored.

In a few days, on August 17, I was summoned to appear, and before a large crowd of people, was taken before the Mandarin, who duly sentenced me to prison, as I had been led to expect.



THE PRISON DOOR.

Showing the small sliding door through which food was passed. From a painting by Dr. J. W. Hewett, painted during imprisonment.

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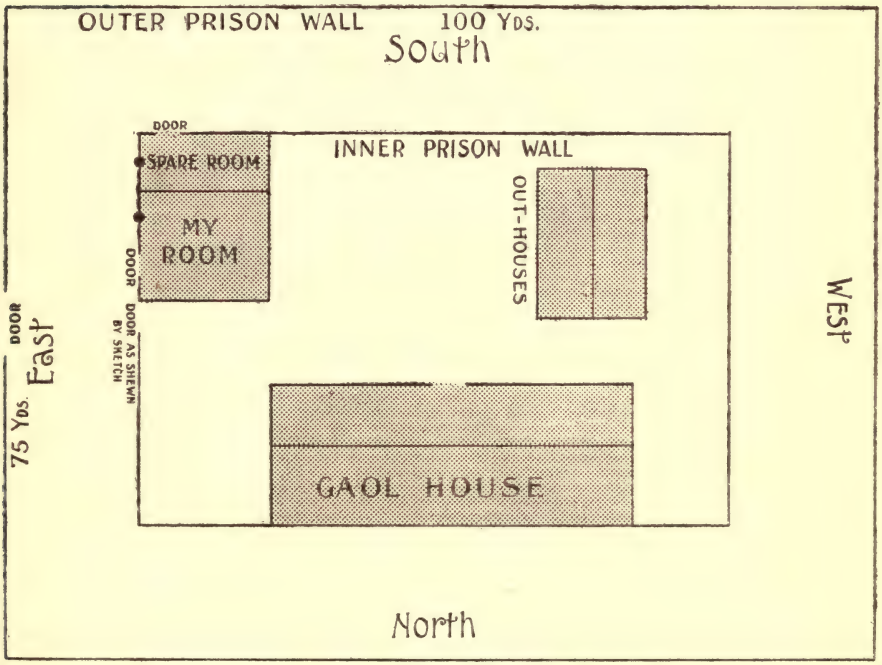


THE OUTER COURT OF THE CHINESE PRISON.

From a painting by Dr. J. W. Hewett, painted during imprisonment.

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The underlings treated me kindly, and assured me that I had no cause to fear. As promised, I was locked in the prison and my chains taken off. Here I lived for two months, situated in the outer court apart from the common prisoners. My food was handed me through a trap-door (see picture) three times a day. The food was often very coarse, and disagreed with me, but the Secretary frequently sent me eggs, and sometimes a bowl of



GROUND PLAN OF THE PRISON.

meat. Once his little girl came to give it to me On the whole, the food I received, though poor, was far better than what is usually given to the regular criminals.

My time of solitude was greatly relieved by a few books which the headman of the village brought me. The Mandarin, at my request, sent to fetch me some things which the Christians had secreted for me. I thus obtained both books and clothing, and was able to fully occupy my time each day. I had leisure for study, and gave special attention to reading and writing the Chinese characters, which assisted me in corresponding with the

Secretary and Mandarin. I was kept happy and in peace, except that as the sun declined I felt an irresistible sense of depression, and at such times I was very grateful for two volumes of *Spurgeon's Autobiography* to engage my thoughts.

During the later month, I formed the acquaintance of the two prisoners in the same prison, with one of whom I struck up a warm friendship. I was able to show him many little kindnesses, in giving him some of my food and clothing; and I taught him to pray, and told him of Christ, his Saviour. When I left, he spoke longingly of seeing me again, and declared his belief in the Gospel.

Early in October I began to be restless, and longed to get away, as I heard that the trouble had quieted down. I therefore wrote a letter to the Chief Secretary, with the result that, at the sunset inspection on October 10, he came and saw me. He asked me when I wished to leave, and I replied the sooner the better, and that I should like to go to Han-kow. He promised to let me know what was decided by Sunday the 13th, but he came on the Thursday, and said he thought I had better go to the coast *via* T'ai-yüan-fu. I told him I should put myself into his hands, and, remembering his former kindness, I should not distrust him; but, nevertheless, I could not sleep that night. I did not feel happy about the arrangement, and so got up and wrote another letter, requesting him very earnestly to let me go by the southern route to Han-kow. To my surprise the next morning (Friday) a messenger came and said, "Pack up your things, a cart is waiting for you."

When I left, the Mandarin himself came to escort me, but I was rather surprised to find that the Chief Secretary, instead of giving me a good passport, had simply given me a Convict's Transport Certificate. I was sent away without money or food, but when I returned and made request for these, some food was given me. Some twelve miles south, at Pao-tien, I was able to get about 5000 cash (10s.) from the bank where my money was. I was escorted from city to city, sleeping at nights in the police-station. They allowed me 60 cash (1½d.) a day for food, but frequently I only received about half. Except for the bullying and hectoring done by the underlings, I received tolerable treatment on this journey, and was provided with a cart all the way. At Lang-chae, on the borders of Shan-si and Ho-nan, I was robbed of 1500 cash by those sent to escort me. On complaining of this to the officials, I was unable to get any satisfaction, and for fear that I should report the matter at Huai-k'ing-fu, they would not allow me to proceed until I

promised not to mention the matter. They thereupon made me a refund of 400 cash.

At Wu-chï, just north of the Yellow River, I was well treated, as the preceding parties had been. All the officials visited me, and the Mandarin insisted on giving me 20 ounces of silver (£3) for road expenses. He gave me a new passport, which entitled me to respectful treatment. In spite of this, however, I was still locked in the prison, and they even put a criminal of the lowest type into the same cart with me. His clothes were rags, and his body covered with vermin, and for four days I was kept in close contact with him.

Upon reaching the province of Hu-peh I received better treatment; and, as I got farther south, greater respect and kindness were shown me, so that I even rode in the Mandarin's chair and sat at the Chief Secretary's table. At Sin-yang-chau I was able, on November 1, to send a telegram to Han-kow, where I arrived on the 6th, having been twenty-six days upon the road since leaving Tuen-liu.

THE REORGANISATION OF THE WORK

"Upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."—MATT. xvi. 18.

"The victories of the Church are won by stepping over the graves of her members." KRAPF.

"Clear, strong, and unanimous was the note that God will overrule this disturbance for the furtherance of the Gospel; that just as the most successful era of missionary work in India followed the Mutiny of 1857, so will a new day for China date from the Boxer riots of 1901; that not only should every destroyed station be rebuilt, but that plans should be made for reinforcements and increased expenditure, in order that the Church of God may seize the coming strategic opportunity to win China for Christ."

From Report of Conference held by delegates of all United States and Canadian Missionary Societies interested in China.

"Christian Matrons! from whose endeared and endearing lips we first heard of the wondrous Babe of Bethlehem, and were taught to bend our knee to Jesus,—ye who first taught these eagles how to soar, will ye now check their flight in the midst of heaven? 'I am weary,' said the ambitious Cornelia, 'of being called Scipio's Daughter. Do something, my sons, to style me the Mother of the Gracchi!' And what more laudable ambition can inspire you than a desire to be the Mothers of Missionaries, Confessors and Martyrs of Jesus? Generations yet unborn shall call you blessed. The Churches of Asia and Africa, when they make grateful mention of their founders, will say, 'Blessed be the wombs that bare them and the breasts which they have sucked.' Ye wives, also, learn to rejoice at the sound of the battle. Rouse the slumbering courage of your soldiers in the field, and think no place so safe, so honoured, as the Camp of Jesus. Tell the missionary story to your little ones, until their young hearts burn, and, in the spirit of those innocents who shouted Hosanna to their lowly King, they cry, 'Shall not we also be the Missionaries of Jesus Christ.'"

MELVILLE HORNE, *History of the C.M.S.*, vol. i. p. 108.



SCENE OUTSIDE PAO-TING-FU.

Showing temple where the Martyrs were kept on July 1, 1900, previous to execution. The temple was destroyed and city wall broken down by the Allied troops. It was in this city Mr. and Mrs. C. H. S. Green and Miss Gregg were found by the Allies.

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THE SITE OF THE PAO-TING-FU MARTYRDOMS ON JULY 1, 1900.

This spot is south of the city where the members of the C.I.M. and American Board fell. The American Presbyterian Missionaries were martyred on June 30, to the north of the city.

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THE REORGANISATION OF THE WORK

Long before the signing of the peace protocol, which took place at Pekin on September 6, 1901, order had been sufficiently restored in parts of the province of Chïh-li, to permit of the Memorial Services for, and official burial of those who had been martyred. At Pao-ting-fu, on February 22, the Rev. J. W. Lowrie and Dr. Edwards had found the remains of these beloved friends buried in shallow pits. These, together with the bodies of the many native Christians which had been recovered, were reverently coffined and prepared for re-interment.

All needful preparations having been made, Saturday and Sunday, March 23 and 24, were fixed, the first for a Memorial Service of those who had perished in the flames north of the city, and Sunday for the Memorial Service and burial of those who had been beheaded on the south side.

This public apology for the wrongs of last year having been locally made, the resumption of work followed in not a few places. It is interesting to know that in the case of the American Presbyterian Mission at Pao-ting-fu, the upright and impartial dealings which many of the people had received through the mediation of Rev. J. W. Lowrie as interpreter for the German troops, had so impressed the people, that when he made inquiries about the possible purchase of a new site for the mission, the officials and gentry of the city, placed in his hands, the deeds of the land about which inquiry had been made, as a gift and token of respect and appreciation of his services.

The following is from an account of the funeral and

Memorial Services at Pao-ting-fu written by Mr. R. M. Brown, who was present:—

On Friday evening, March 23, a number of the American Board and Presbyterian missionaries arrived by train from Pekin and Tien-tsin. The American Board was represented by Dr. A. H. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Sheffield, Misses Russell, Wyckoff, Minor Evans, and Chapin; and the Presbyterian Mission by Dr. Wherry, Rev. C. A. and Mrs. Killie, Misses McKillican, and Drs. Leonard and Mackey, in addition to the representatives of the Mission already at Pao-ting-fu. The China Inland Mission was represented by Mr. R. M. Brown.

There were also several prominent Chinese pastors, elders, and teachers, besides a number of the Christians connected with both the Missions present, who had gathered from the surrounding district to take part in the united services.

The first service was held on Saturday morning at eleven o'clock, on the site of the Presbyterian Mission, north of the city.

This was in memory of Dr. G. Y. Taylor, Rev. F. E. and Mrs. Simcox and three children, Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, and all the native Christians who had, in Pao-ting-fu or the neighbourhood, laid down their lives for Jesus Christ.

The second service was held on Sunday morning at the temporary premises of the American Board Mission in the south suburb of the city, and in close proximity to the compounds both of that Mission and of the C.I.M. Here, also, mat pavilions had been erected by the officials, and preparations made for a large public gathering. In the extensive pavilion were placed the coffins containing the remains of those to be buried, eight foreigners and nearly twenty natives. These were arranged in two rows at the back, and in front of them, in the centre of the building, was a large tablet, on the top of which was the inscription "*Loh pei k'u kiu*" (They carried the cross of suffering with joy), and in the centre a cross, above which was a crown. Below were tablets containing the names in Chinese of those who in the south suburb had met their death, and whose remains were to be interred, viz., Rev. H. T. Pitken, Miss Morrill, and Miss Gould, of the American Board; Rev. W. Cooper, Rev. B. and Mrs. Bagnall, and Gladys Bagnall, of the C.I.M.; also the names of forty-two Chinese Christians, nearly twenty of whom were waiting burial.

The service was conducted chiefly in Chinese, and branches and wreaths of cypress had been laid on the coffins, also many pots of flowers were sent to stand in front of the tablet, and on



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT PAO-TING-FU.

Showing memorial banners presented by the gentry of the city, etc. Those dressed in white are native mourners.

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SOME OF THE MARTYRS' GRAVES AT PAO-TING-FU.

The cemetery is now included in the compound of the American Board.

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either side at the head of the coffins. Both the German and French generals, with many of their officers, attended the service, also a company of German soldiers, and the bands of both nationalities. The Chinese officials attended as on the previous day.

The service commenced at eleven o'clock by the German band playing a piece suitable for the occasion, which was followed by the reading of passages of Scripture by Pastor Kao, of the American Board Mission at P'ang-wang (Shantung). Then the hymn in Chinese, "Servant of God, well done." The first address was given by Dr. Sheffield, in which he made reference to the fact, that some of those now dead, might have been alive, by deserting the Church to its fate and fleeing on the first rumours of alarm; but they had stuck by their posts.

The Rev. J. W. Lowrie then led in prayer, and this was followed by an address by Pastor Wu, after the French band had played a selection. The hymn, "For me to live is Christ," was next sung (in Chinese), after which Dr. A. H. Smith gave a brief address in English, in which he made reference to the circumstances under which those in whose memory the services were being held, fell on that fatal July day, just nine months ago. The German band then played a second piece, and Dr. Peck followed; first in English, thanking the Generals and many officers of both nationalities who were present, for the kind mark of their sympathy and respect for the memory of the dead, and saying that he felt sure that the friends and Mission Boards of those represented would appreciate their kindness, and remember it with gratitude. He also thanked the bands for the help they had given in making it an impressive service, and then in Chinese he thanked the officials for what they had done, and for their attendance. Dr. Wherry having pronounced the Benediction, the service closed with a second piece by the French band. The generals, officers and Chinese officials then all came forward and saluted in front of the memorial tablet.

Most of the bodies were carried direct to the ground by the nearest route, but the more prominent ones among them were carried in procession through the main street in the suburb, and round in a circuit to the place chosen for a cemetery, now included in the compound of the American Board. The foreigners were at the west end of the row: first the three of the American Board, next the Rev. W. Cooper, next Gladys, and then Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall, followed by the long line of Chinese.

When the last one had been lowered into the grave, the missionaries and Chinese Christians formed into long lines, north and south of the graves, and the hymn, "Light after darkness," was sung in Chinese; after which Dr. Edwards engaged in prayer, committing their remains to the earth, and praying for the comforting of those who had been bereaved, and for the restoration and rebuilding of the Church which had been so ruthlessly persecuted. The Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. C. A. Killie, and then many of those present took up handfuls of earth and reverently cast them upon the different tombs in succession, and thus the ceremony ended.

About three months later than the Memorial Services at Pao-ting-fu which have just been referred to, a party of eight missionaries started for the province of Shan-si. Their names are Dr. E. H. Edwards of the Sheo-yang Mission, Rev. Moir Duncan, and Dr. Creasy Smith of the B.M.S., Dr Atwood of the American Board, and Messrs. D. E. Hoste, A. Orr-Ewing, C. H. Tjäder, and Ernest Taylor of the C.I.M. In response to the invitation of the new Governor, Ts'en-ch'un-hsüen, the party of eight missionaries, under an escort provided by the Governor, started from Pao-ting-fu on Wednesday, June 26, reaching T'ai-yüan-fu on July 9—the first anniversary of the awful massacre in that very city. The following extract from the diary of one of this party describes their reception:—

July 9.—Reached T'ai-yüan-fu. Twelve months ago to-day forty-five European and American missionaries and others were slaughtered by order of the Governor. The scene to-day was a strange contrast. Thirty miles off, outriders inquired as to the time of our arrival. Ten miles off, the Governor's body-guard blared out their welcome and unfurled their standards. Two miles nearer, the Shan-si mounted police made salute. Three miles from the city, we exchanged our litters for Pekin carts to facilitate our reception. A large and representative body of Christians seemed delighted to welcome us. Their faces bore clear traces of the sufferings endured. From this point the procession rapidly increased, as we proceeded between rows of officials, both military and civil. At the entrance to the pavilion stood an Imperial officer, who stepped forward and said, "I welcome you in the name of the Emperor of China."

The first court was lined with representatives of the colleges and commerce of the city, who bowed their greetings. At the second gateway, various high officials greeted us, and then the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Shen-tun-ho, stepped forward and welcomed us in royal style. His splendid tact relieved the situation, for we all were feeling strung by the strain of the long ceremony. He told us in excellent English to sit as we liked and feel at home. After tea we continued our triumphal entrance into the city, and the next two days were occupied in visits and return calls. On the 10th a public dinner was given by the Governor, and after the banquet all the guests were photographed together to commemorate the occasion.

When the reception and preliminary matters had been satisfactorily arranged, the day for the official Memorial Service was arranged here as at Pao-ting-fu. The mortal remains of those who had fallen, had already been interred in a semi-foreign cemetery as the illustrations show. Memorial tablets had also been placed in a wall close to the spot of the massacre, which proceedings have been repeated at every place where any foreigners were killed. The services at each city were much alike. The following extract from Mr. Orr-Ewing's account of one held at T'ai-yüan-fu will describe the general features of all.

After many negotiations the funeral was held on Thursday, July 18, starting at 9 A.M. We had to get suitable mourning, and the natives also, specially those holding office in the Church, it was thought, should wear the same as the foreigners. We were most thankful when the day dawned, that it promised to be fine weather, and a little before the hour named nine chairs, with four bearers each, were sent to our residence. We were carried to the Prefect's Yamên, and here we were greeted by the various Mandarins from the Provincial Treasurer down. I had no idea what the *ming ching* was like, but we soon discovered that the banner was of red satin, with letters of gold, giving the name or names of the persons; this was stretched on a long wooden frame, bound with coloured cloth, resting on a stand, which was borne by men. Above the top of the frame for the banner was something like a Mandarin's umbrella, though smaller, made with red cloth. As there were, in all, nineteen of these *ming ching* for foreigners, and one for the native Christians, the show was calculated to make an impression.

Besides the Provincial Governor and other officials, the gentry and scholars presented wreaths, which were placed on curiously-made stands, all the woodwork being covered with cloth wound round and round. Something, too, in the shape of a roof was made out of bands of different coloured cloths interwoven, the whole presenting very much the appearance of the little shrines seen so frequently by the wayside. The officials led the way to the place for the service, and we spent half-an-hour holding a service on the spot of last year's scene, Dr. Edwards conducting. Then the cavalcade formed, which was as follows:—Men with gongs, the Chinese Mandarins, the wreaths, 200 infantry, 50 cavalry, the foreigners in chairs, the Church members, the *ming ching*, more Church members, followed by a few more soldiers. We moved very slowly through the streets, but everyone appeared respectful and quiet. We had hoped to get to the cemetery about 11 A.M., but it was one o'clock. On arriving we entered one of the tents, which was made by the coloured cloth bands interwoven, and stretched across wooden frames; quite a large tent it was. We also partook of refreshment, and ate with a relish the tea and cake provided. Our next move was to enter the cemetery; a few moments later we were asked to assemble in front of the summer-house, and a Mandarin read an address prepared by the Provincial Governor for the special occasion. We had previously heard the meaning, for otherwise we should have understood nothing while it was being read, as it was written in classical language. The officials then returned to the city, and we had a service conducted by Mr. Hoste, which was very appropriate to the intensely solemn occasion.

Following these services with the official apology, the many difficult questions with regard to native indemnity and the cases of those who had recanted, had to be dealt with. Indemnity for the natives had been spontaneously offered by the Governor without the slightest solicitation. A list of reliable men with whom in each district the Chinese Foreign Office could deal, had to be drawn up, and two of the leading native Christians, Pastor Ch'ü and Elder Hsü, were appointed as general overseers. The Christians are not putting in any claims for the loss of their crops last year, but will be compensated in full for loss of property.

Accompanying copies of the above official list, a Chinese letter giving general instructions to the native Christians



MEMORIAL SERVICE ON THE SPOT OF THE T'AI-YÜAN-FU MASSACRE.



PART OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT T'AI-YÜAN-FU.

Showing the native soldiers marching past.

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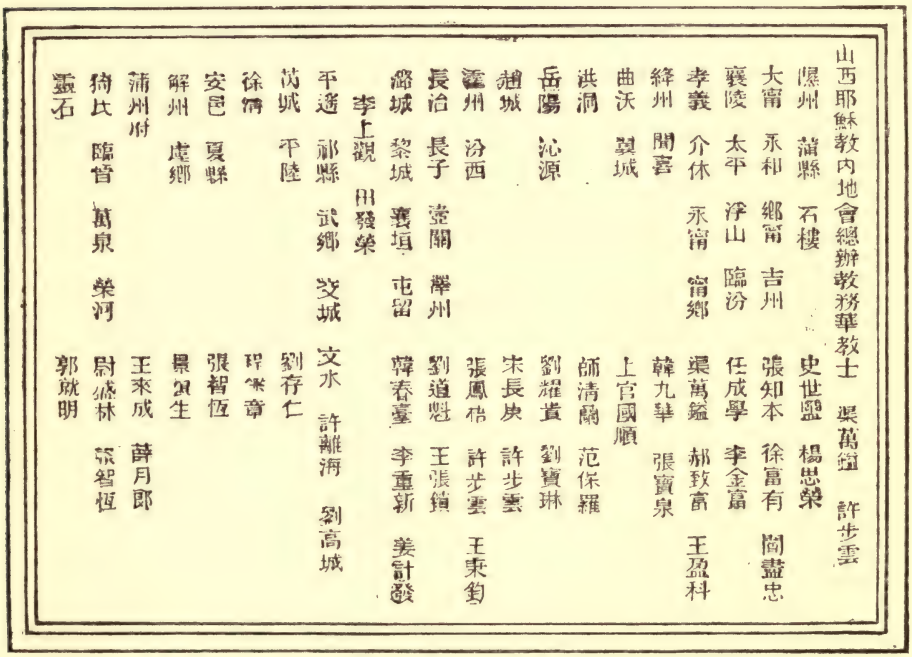


1. *EN ROUTE* TO SHAN-SI UNDER ESCORT.
2. OUTSIDE THE MARTYRS' CEMETERY, T'AI-YÜAN-FU. COMPLIMENTARY BANNERS, ETC.
3. MEMORIAL SERVICE IN MARTYRS' CEMETERY, T'AI-YUAN-FU. MR. HOSTE CONDUCTING.

To face page 103.

was sent to every native Church in connection with the C.I.M. The following is a translation :—

After prayer and conference with Messrs. Orr-Ewing, Tjäder, Taylor, and the native Pastors and Elders—we have chosen leaders in each district to manage the affairs of the Church, and I have already handed your names to the Chinese Foreign Office


山西耶穌教內地會總辦教務華教士 梁萬鎧 許步雲
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趙城 劉耀貴 劉寶琳
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潞城 黎城 襄垣 屯留 劉道魁 王張鎮
李上觀 田發榮 韓春臺 李重新 姜計發
平遙 祁縣 武鄉 交城 文水 許離海 劉高城
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蒲州府 王來成 薛月郎
猗氏 臨晉 萬泉 榮河 尉源林 張智恆
靈石 郭就明

FACSIMILE OF OFFICIAL LIST OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS APPOINTED TO SUPERINTEND NATIVE COMPENSATION.

and desire that you will, as speedily as possible, mutually assist in arranging matters.

This business is of great importance, seeing the life and death, honour or shame, of many persons are involved. I therefore beg that you will earnestly seek the Lord's help.

It is incumbent upon you in these unusual circumstances, that you should have the mind of the Lord Jesus and be careful of the Lord's honour, and not simply have regard to your own affairs.

Christians who have had relatives murdered and are willing that they should have laid down their lives for the Lord's sake,

and do not wish to report the case to the Official, will be following the best course. If, however, they are not able to act thus, a statement of the facts may be made to the Official, that he may deal with the case according to law.

Those who have been wounded and are maimed or disabled, but who have property and are able to support themselves, and are willing to forgive their enemies and therefore do not wish to report the matter to the Official, will do well. If, however, they cannot do this, then the appointed leaders may inform the local Official, and he will carefully examine the case, after which it may be reported to the Foreign Office. The Christian widows and orphans who have been left without support will also receive help, and we have agreed on four ways of dealing with these.

In cases of robbery the lists must be made out strictly in accordance with actual loss; there must be no carelessness or overstating, lest, by your falseness, the Lord's name be dishonoured before your enemies; and the Official and the Church will then have nothing to do with your affairs. The leaders who have been appointed to manage these affairs must first make a careful and thorough examination, and, if everything is straightforward, they will prepare a statement of the goods lost, and give the same into my hands to be presented for them to the Foreign Office. They must then quietly wait until their indemnity is paid. Copies of this letter must be made and given to each of the leaders appointed to have charge of this business, that they may keep a copy by them, as a general outline and example of how the affairs of the Church are to be managed. May the Triune God lead and guide each one of you. Amen.

D. E. HOSTE,
Acting General Director, C.I.M.

In the province of Cheh-kiang Memorial Services are also being arranged, and the work has been resumed at most stations. In the province of Ho-nan the missionaries have also been enabled to return, so that in a little more than a year from the time of the serious outbreak Mission work has been re-established in most parts of the Chinese Empire.

Though the loss and sorrow of the past year is too great for words, the steadfastness of many of the native Christians is cause for much thanksgiving, and there is every reason to believe that the past sufferings have been some of the birth-pangs of a new China.

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